

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY PURSUITS.

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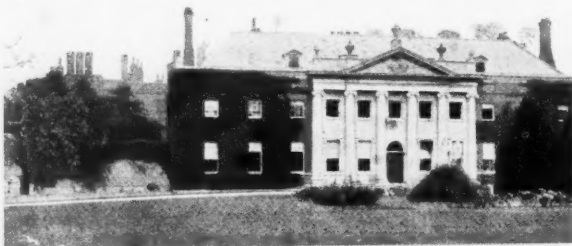
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6th, 1920.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

TOWN COUNCILS AND ECONOMY

ORDINARY politics have played a very small part in the municipal elections of this year. The voters, at any rate, did not seriously discuss them beforehand; in fact, the political issue has become so complicated that there is no one clearly defined side to set against another. The topic that is overpowering every other in conversation and local meeting has been that of economy. Rates have been going up with a most alarming rapidity. In our most prosperous days the fact would have wakened up the electors. In the financial circumstances of the hour it has done more. People in every position are heard declaring that the burden imposed upon them is greater than they can bear. Imperial taxation is far too heavy. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is in too great a hurry to pay off the war debt. In this case *festina lente* is a very good motto. Unfortunately, along with this heavy taxation there is an increase in the cost of living which shows very little sign of abatement. Any cheapening of commodities comes from the dispersal of

Government stores. The world is very short of most articles of consumption, and the process of reconstruction, retarded as it is by labour troubles and disturbance over the whole world, makes but slow progress. For this reason it behoves the new town councils to scan very carefully every proposal for increased spending. The rates have swollen to proportions that would have been deemed incredible before the war. From a list of representative rates published in the *Times* it can be seen that the rise is great in widely separated parts of the country. At Ebbw Vale rates are 28s. 4d. in the £1; at Brighton, 26s.; at West Ham, 22s. 4d.; at Warrington, 21s.; at Norwich, 20s. 9d.; at Durham, 20s.; at Swansea, 19s. 9d.; and so on. Before the war 10s. 6d. in the £1 was considered a very high rate. In many places the rate now demanded is more than the actual rent paid.

We do not dispute that some increase was necessary. Arrears of work have been piled up since the beginning of the war, so the first thing to do is to separate the necessary from the unnecessary, the present need of the hour from the improvement which may be delayed without great disadvantage to the community. The rates which have increased most are education and sewage rates. Greater than either will be the expense of housing, which is not yet clearly defined. Now, a house is a necessity of life and will have to be provided in some way. No one is likely to argue that this is an improvement which can be dispensed with. But in many cases the estimates might be curtailed. The cost of houses built for the accommodation of working men is greater than can be met, even out of the largely increased wages of the labouring classes. A great many, perhaps the majority of houses, will cost in or about a thousand pounds, and the lowest rental that could be charged would certainly not be less than fifty pounds. A labouring man would have to be very well paid indeed before he could afford a rent of a pound a week. To what extent this enormous expenditure is due to artificial causes is a question that should be very carefully investigated. This applies alike to labour and material. On a matter which concerns themselves to such a great extent the trades unions have no right to insist upon the very highest rate of wages being attained, especially in the case of ex-soldiers and the unemployed. If these could be given a living wage and, in consequence, the houses erected at a cost that will not make their tenancy by labour impossible, the result would thoroughly justify a little consideration on the part of the trades unionists. They cannot always go on demanding higher and still higher wages in complete disregard of the community at large. The matter should be put to them in a frank and friendly way so as to call out the patriotic feelings which we know they possess to a high degree.

Another item of rates has increased enormously, and that is the sewage rate. In many parishes it is three or four times what it was before the war because the local authorities have launched out into ambitious schemes of sewage. Here, again, the expenditure would be perfectly justifiable provided it could be afforded. But the local authority should consider itself as though each member were faced with the problem on his own account. In that case he would certainly count the money at his disposal before spending it. In fact, he would have to do that or run into debt. The town council or the other local authority is in the same position. They cannot put on the screw at discretion. They must consider the capacity of the ratepayer to stand further demands upon his resources. If that capacity is approaching exhaustion then they must subdue their determination to have a perfect sewage scheme.

Our Frontispiece

WE give this week a new portrait of the Hon. Edith Smith. She is the eldest daughter of Viscount Hambleden, at present head of the famous firm of Messrs. W. H. Smith, which celebrated its centenary last week.

** Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



COUNTRY NOTES

EDUCATION is always an interesting topic, because it is addressed to the young, of whom Mme. de Staël said, "You are the future of the world." A controversy which never dies is that between the business man and the scholar. On it Sir Herbert Warren had something interesting to say in his presidential address to the Oxford branch of the Modern Languages Association. How he harmonises the two views is shown in his acute remark that a knowledge of modern languages will foster a love of Greek and Latin. By reading in the original the contemporary writings of France, Germany, Italy and other Continental countries the student is brought into touch with the soul of the country which is embodied in its literature. A translation may give the letter, but it cannot render the spirit. To carry Sir Herbert's argument a little further, a comparison may be drawn between physical and intellectual education. Who is there who would advise that a boy should be trained from early childhood to become a batsman, rower, golfer, or great shot? The attempt would defeat itself. What is wanted is that the boy should be developed with a view of attaining as perfect a physical condition as possible, not that he should be trained to any one specific form of athletics. In the 'natural time and way he will fix on the particular calling or sport to which he has an inclination. So, in regard to the mind, it would be fatal for the schoolmaster to begin working up to a conception of what should be the mind of a Guardsman or a tailor, parliamentary leader or a dealer in old china. His object rather should be to train and develop the mind so that it is ready for the performance of every task within its natural scope.

EDUCATION is making an enlarged demand upon the pocket, both of the ratepayer and the taxpayer. Were it only that the salaries of teachers were advanced it would be excusable, because the teaching profession must be so remunerated as to attract capable and intelligent men; a bad, incompetent teacher is worse than none. But that is a small matter compared with the extraordinary demand arising out of Mr. Fisher's Act. We are afraid that the author of that measure did not sit down to count the cost or enquire how it should be borne before drawing up his grandiose scheme regardless of expense. It is not, however, against outlay upon education that we have any objection to make. The topics upon which we have touched are all dealing with advances along the line of progress; so much may be readily granted. But the hard fact is that the country at the present moment cannot afford the immense payments demanded from it and must, like the average man, cut its coat according to its cloth. Great Britain's recovery of her ancient prosperity will be impossible if the earnings of the producers are taken away to such an extent that there is no surplus left over to feed industry and encourage enterprise.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, on Saturday last, was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. It is a great honour and has been bestowed upon many illustrious statesmen and philosophers in the past. The speeches delivered by the various Lord Rectors of Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities if published together would afford the student a most excellent means of comparing not only styles of oratory but of the thoughts and aspirations of different periods. Every generation has an atmosphere suffused with the ideas peculiar to it. Gladstone's famous speech, "Quit ye like men," a characteristic nineteenth century variant upon the text that never grows old, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," voiced the nineteenth century as much as Carlyle's wise and pathetic oration delivered at the University which he had entered as a boy of fourteen, having his oatmeal sent up from Dumfries by carrier, literally fulfilling the motto of the Edinburgh reviewers about literature being nourished on a little oatmeal. Anyway, to be called upon to deliver a rectorial address in one of the great Scottish Universities is to submit oratory to about as great a test as can be applied to it.

BATTLEFIELD.

Out of my breast for five dark years
Were farm and orchard plucked for spoil,
The women watched me through their tears
The men remembering toil.

Those trees and fields that gave me breath
Steel-armed destruction tore apart,
Peace laid her shells that dealt not death
To smoulder on my heart.

My pitted fields are empty now,
The last battalions march away,
No man dares follow horse or plough
Down my unfurrowed clay,

Lest I, avenging that deep wound
His brother did me, lift a hand
To draw his village underground
And crush him with his land.

EDWARD DAVISON.

THE Balliol undergraduate is an enviable creature. He is now offered his breakfast, lunch and tea in hall for the *en pension* charge of five shillings. Other colleges at both Universities have adopted some system of this sort. At Trinity, Cambridge, for instance, it is possible to have all three meals in hall, and the price is, we believe, only some threepence more than at Balliol. At a time when a Royal Commission is enquiring into University finance it is good to hear of so successful an effort after economy, and many housekeepers elsewhere would like to know the Bursar's secret. We may hope, however, that meals in private will not wholly disappear. It would be sad if there were no more late and lazy breakfasts in a friend's room on Sunday morning, no more jolly impromptu lunches on a cold pie before the afternoon's amusement. We do not want to lose the spirit of "J. K. S.'s" lines: "We played together in football weather and messed together for years." They were written of a school, but for most men are rather applicable to the University. There is a romance of friendship about those old breakfasts which no communal meal could give.

THE Rugby football season, so far as it has gone, has been a very interesting one, the more so because no one club has proved invincible. Both the University sides have been beaten and have clearly not yet settled down. Guy's Hospital has a very good side bristling with formidable South Africans. Blackheath are again very strong, but not overwhelmingly so. The Harlequins, who beat Cambridge on Saturday, are showing more than glimpses of their old brilliancy. The London Scottish have a fine pack, the United Services has Kershaw and the elusive Davies at half, and it is particularly pleasant to see Richmond winning matches again, for the famous red, black and yellow jerseys have been rather in the shade. None of the English sides

seems to be quite as good as those from South Wales. A little while ago Leicester, Plymouth and Gloucester, three of the strongest provincial teams, went to Wales on one day and returned with their tails between their legs and a balance of over forty points against them. The Welshman on his own ground remains incomparable, and the stickier it is the more uncannily well does he play.

THE tour of Vardon and Ray in America is now practically over. They will be home this month, bearing with them the American Championship Cup which Ray won. On the twenty-seventh of this month they will be welcomed in state at Oxhey, where Ray is the professional, and in their capacity of winner and runner-up respectively in the American Championship will play a foursome against the winner and runner-up in our own Championship, Duncan and Herd. The amount of hard golfing and hard travelling they have done since the end of July is amazing. They have played some seventy-five matches in all parts of the country. They have constantly had to make long journeys after one strenuous match and before another on the very next day. They have been constantly playing on strange courses under all sorts of different conditions, meeting strong opponents, entrenched, as it were, in their own chosen positions. At any rate, they have been well paid for their hard work, for the American papers say that they have earned 40,000 dollars, or about £12,000. The shades of the great golfers of the past who now play on Elysian links, must feel their mouths watering.

THE Labour Party will be well advised to take to heart their crushing defeat at the municipal polls. We write in no feeling of antipathy. On the contrary, immediately after the war it was felt, here and elsewhere, that the Labour Party was on the way to achieve a great success. For a time it was under excellent guidance and very nearly became the most respected as well as the most powerful party in the State. But subsequently it went on to make a number of palpable mistakes. The first was its coquetting with Bolshevism. Revolutionary doctrines are repugnant to the majority of the Labour Party, as they are to every class in Great Britain; but, unfortunately, Lenin was able to secure the sympathy of certain leaders, and it was under their guidance that the orientation towards Bolshevism took place. Secondly, they failed to appreciate the circumstances in which the country was placed, circumstances that necessitated exceptional self-denial and industry on the part of every citizen. They refused in practice to assist in increased production, and they also demanded higher wages at a time when industry greatly needed cheap coal. We know the result. Despite the hunger for commodities, manufacturers have been obliged to refuse orders and, in many instances, to close their factories because the demands of labour made it impossible to give those definite quotations which are a necessity of the foreign market. Labour was cutting its own throat, a fact of which the crowds of unemployed bore testimony. We hope that they will consider all this, enlarge their views and recover some of the hold they had on the country when the war ended.

IN the "Life of Theodore Roosevelt," which has just been published in two volumes, there is nothing more interesting than the story of growing distrust of Germany in the mind of the great American. Germany declared her intention to establish a "pacific blockade" of the Venezuelan coast for the purpose of forcing Venezuela to pay her debts. When Germany refused to arbitrate, Roosevelt assembled the American battle fleet under Admiral Dewey near Porto Rico for "manœuvres" and then he saw the German Ambassador and told him that unless Germany consented to arbitrate before a fixed date the fleet would be despatched to the Venezuelan coast to see that Germany did not take any territory. Germany did not take this very seriously, and refused to arbitrate, whereupon Roosevelt replied that it was useless waiting, and if Germany did not cable her willingness to arbitrate, twenty-four hours before the date fixed Dewey would take the fleet to the Venezuelan coast. The strong way, which had proved so effectual in domestic politics, produced the desired result on Germany, and the

quarrel was evaded for the time being. But Roosevelt, up to the time of his death, was among the Americans who saw that the United States were bound to enter the Great War.

MRS. ASQUITH'S Autobiography, of which a review will be found in another part of the paper, is sure to be very widely read at the week-end. It will no doubt also be universally condemned because in Great Britain it has been the custom to respect privacy, and Mrs. Asquith prides herself on her indiscretions. "As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb" was the motto that suggested itself to her, and she has acted on it. With every wish to do her justice, we cannot help feeling that she has set a very bad example. It is intolerable to think that people cannot say what they like at dinner-parties and other gatherings without being sure that at the table may be seated one eager to report anything racy. Unfortunately, Mrs. Asquith has a keen appreciation of the point that is most likely to embarrass and hurt others. As an example one might take her conversation with Lord Randolph Churchill when he complained that the late Lord Salisbury had snapped at his resignation as a dog does at a bone. There is under this an implication against Lord Salisbury, who was one of the greatest and most trusted political leaders of his time. It may be pleaded that in this case both the persons chiefly concerned are dead, but equally pungent paragraphs are devoted to the living. In an older generation a clever woman who had written an autobiography of this kind would have put it away in a strong box and left a direction in her will that it should not be published till all the persons mentioned therein were dead.

HIDE AND SEEK.

Life's a game of hide and seek,
Death's the catching. Life's the caught,
So the game we play in this world
Comes to nought.

"Finding's keepings," cry the children
Shouting, laughing, out of breath;
So we cry with all the children,
"Finding's keepings," life is death.

ANNE F. BROWN.

A GREAT deal of controversy has been going on about the "National Dictionary of Biography." We do not propose to enter into it except in so far as to support the suggestion made by Sir Herbert Stephen. We all know the history of this undertaking, which had its origin in the mind of Mr. George Smith of Smith and Elder, a famous and liberal-minded publisher. The scheme was carried through most creditably under the editorship of Sir Sydney Lee; but it could never be ended. Mr. Smith made it over to the University of Oxford, and little or nothing has been done since. But it is necessary that a book of this kind should be continually under revision, since new biographical information is continually being unearthed. There should also be under preparation at all times a supplement to bring it up to date, because a Dictionary of National Biography which comes to an abrupt ending loses two-thirds of its value. Probably the University of Oxford has not the requisite funds to carry on this work, and the proposal made by Sir Herbert Stephen is that, should this be the case, it would be easy, by newspaper subscription lists and by the generosity of private individuals, to finance the undertaking.

AFTER a brilliant October of sunny afternoons and nights of cold and mist, November has arrived with a panoply of withering leaves, beautiful in their decay. Since the day of Tom Hood's poem "No-venber" it has been a fashion to decry the month, but not by the county gentleman. To him it is the month when hunting begins. Some of the happiest days have been those spent chasing the fox over the bare fields. Evening then is an important part of the day. Exhilarated by the best exercise of sport possible and ready to relate or to listen to others relating the incidents of the hunt, the company is in the very best mood for high-spirited enjoyment.

THE MYSTERY STAG

AS HE PURSUES HIS MIDNIGHT QUEST.

MANY years ago the writer, in describing the habits of a certain herd of wild goats, inadvertently gave away their approximate habitat, with the result that the Editor was inundated with applications from a certain class of sportsman for further particulars, as many readers apparently desired to shoot a specimen. Now, as naturally I have no wish for such a fate to overtake the "Mystery Stag," I shall have to be very vague in my statements as to his present whereabouts. For this cunning old gentleman does not live in the inaccessible Highland glens, nor even in the well wooded combs of Exmoor. He was born in a certain English forest (now we have it, our friends may exclaim; but not so fast—there are, I believe, still officially sixty-three forests or chaces in Great Britain, and, apart from Scotland, several of these still hold deer in small numbers). In this particular forest deer are scarce, and I believe, officially, do not exist at all. At any rate, so few are their numbers that the official view is not in the present instance at great variance from the facts!

Before the Great War there were, it is true, vague rumours as to the existence of a big stag; but it was during the war he came into local prominence. While the professional poacher and the gamekeeper were at the war and the huntsman (an older and less active man than in normal times, and short of hounds and horses) hunted seldom and over a much restricted area, the great stag was seldom disturbed, so that he grew bolder and was occasionally seen at dawn or dusk in orchard or paddock in the immediate haunts of man. At any rate, his existence was proved, on the principle of seeing is believing. But *après la guerre* he became again the Mystery Stag. Time and again

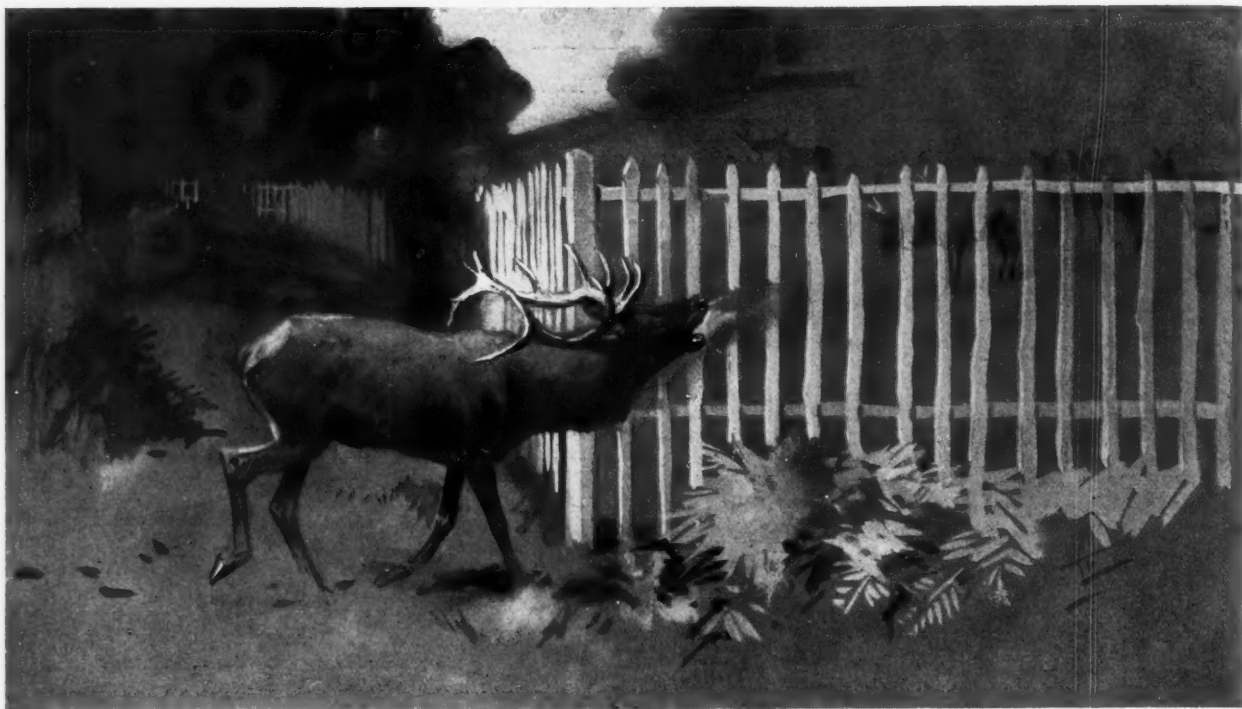
were hounds thrown into his former haunts, but never was he roused. Still his great slot, or an infrequent view by some early inhabitant, proved he still survived. The meets of the local pack were changed. It was thought that the trotting of a cavalcade of horsemen on the hard road (very hard in these days!) gave him the office, and that he stole away long before the pack reached his lair. But even this change of tactics did not defeat him; the result was invariably a blank draw!

So two more seasons passed, and belief in his existence almost died. He had probably fallen to the gun of some allotment-holder, whose small crops he had perhaps too frequently punished: not a likely fate, it is true, as he was far too cunning to go often to the same spot. Still, no cervine palate can resist apples or corn occasionally, and possibly the pitcher had gone too often to the well! In any case he disappeared.

But with the advent of the "rut" he has appeared again, and far from his former haunts. It is, perhaps, impossible, or guesswork at best, to attempt to follow the mental processes of any animal, but, apparently, with the advent of chill October he has cast some of his caution to the winds and has taken greater risks than ever at the behest of the little blind god; and I think his latest feat is not the least remarkable of the many performed by the Mystery Stag. First of all, his haunt, as far as it is known, is a big wood, well watered, bounded on four sides by much frequented roads, across one of which lies what is technically called "the Forest," although, like many other so-called forests, it contains but few trees. At two ends of his home cover lie fair-sized villages; two great cities lie within a twenty-mile radius; the whole country is bisected



HE LOOKS DOWN UPON THE BUSY HAUNTS OF MAN FAR BELOW.



HE IS NEARING HIS FOE.

by roads, along which rattles a ceaseless stream of mechanical and other vehicles. It is not a country of great estates, although well wooded; indeed, most of it is cut up with market gardens, small farms, cottages, wire fences, and so forth. Far from an ideal home from a red deer's point of view! But how the red deer got there is obvious: they are the last harried remnant of a herd as old as England. How they still exist, a pitiful remnant though they be, is a mystery. Why they should choose this portion of the country is another: my only suggestion being that, although there is a fair-sized stretch of uninhabited country to the south (the last remnant of the vast original home of this herd), that country is much disturbed by noisy trippers during the summer, and much hunted by several packs of hounds (whose boundaries there meet) during the winter. The bit inhabited by the Mystery Stag, although full of people, is only disturbed in the sense that many people are there at work. No noisy tourists frequent this somewhat ugly country, and

there is not enough game for it to be often shot over, while it is too much wired up to attract the local hunt frequently. But if there be few legitimate enemies there must be many others. However, he has temporarily left his old haunts, and appeared in an equally thickly inhabited country many, many miles away. How and why he went there interests me, and no one can do more than suggest his possible reasons. With the advent of October he must have set off in search of a wife, or rather wives, for a great stag invariably collects a large harem if he can. Naturally he went south (I presume); in the stillness of the night his guttural notes would be heard at long intervals (for deer call but seldom in country where there are many people about). Probably no answering challenge came to his call. Possibly the few wild male deer, recognising by his lusty voice that here was something beyond their strength, wisely kept themselves out of his way. Probably he picked up a hind or two. But, easily won, little valued; and driving his new household



DOWN GO THE GREAT HEADS WITH A MIGHTY CLASH OF ANTLERS.

before him, he wandered on for several nights, unsatisfied, his restless mood driving him ever further afield until, abandoning, apparently, his new wives, he set forth across the thickly inhabited vale in quest of others. Despite barbed wire fences, villages and much frequented roads, he must have made his cautious way from big wood to little spinney, up many a rough hedgerow, his presence unsuspected and unseen by the teeming life of the valley, until at last in the grey dawn he reached the edge of the chalk downs. In some hazel copse on their steep sides he must have lain all day long with the strange smell of sheep and the jangle of their bells in his ears; probably many children "nutting" must have passed his lair, his strange and unpleasant smell conveying nothing to their urban nostrils.

As the shadows fall and the golden autumnal moon comes up, and silence once more reigns, the great beast rises to his legs, and, after stretching his limbs, lays back his splendid antlers and sends a guttural melancholy roar rolling over the downs.

a loud, raucous challenge proclaims his proximity. Out from the black shadows of an oak stalks another great stag. Their antlers meet with a crash through the palisading, the old fence rocks to the impact, but something in the stranger's appearance is too much for the park stag, and he slowly withdraws further into his enclosure, roaring sullenly. Not so the Mystery Stag. He has not come these weary miles to be baulked of love or war. Round the park palings he stalks, seeking an entry. No flaw can he find in the old fence, but high ground in one spot suggests a good take-off, and with a mighty bound he enters the enclosure. Once inside, he immediately advances on the park stag, who, conscious that the eyes of the ladies of his household are already directed on the handsome stranger, awaits his approach, grunting sullenly. With the bristles of their great necks and backs standing erect, they advance slowly towards each other; down go the great heads with a mighty clash of antlers. For a moment or so they strive to force each other back, but good living, weight and courage are with the



A GUTTURAL MELANCHOLY ROAR ROLLING OVER THE DOWNS.

Slowly wandering forth, he moves his heavy bulk silently from copse to copse along the west of the downs. From their silent heights he more than once looks down on the busy haunts of man far below with the twinkling lights of village or town, and once, at least, he hears cathedral chimes sounding faint and thin as he pursues his midnight quest. Dawn finds him many miles from home in another hazel copse. Want of drink must have been his trouble these last few days, for water is scarce on these sheep-cropped hillsides. Still, his marvellous nose has probably detected the presence of one of the few dew ponds. The close of another day draws nigh, and to his restless ears comes a faint and menacing sound. Starting to his feet, he answers that distant voice, and forgetful of human foes he trots off, stopping frequently to hurl back his challenges to that insulting cry. Down into the vale, past a sleepy farmyard, he hurries; across several enclosed fields until he comes to the high palisade of a little park. He is nearing his foe now, indeed,

wild animal. Possibly the stale ground of park land, though aided with winter hay, has not given stamina to the tame animal; though it must be admitted that usually the park-bred animals have the finer antlers, the size of which, after all, is but the fruit of good living. Still the fact remains in this case the wild is an easy winner. Very soon the park stag gives ground and getting a nasty hook in the ribs retires hastily. The muckle beast, giving him a parting prod, then quietly takes command of the harem, which obediently retire under the oaks with their new lord. The owner of the estate, on his return the following evening, was astonished to see close to the garden fence his noble stag and his squire, with woebegone appearance, eating garden refuse, while in the centre of the park, against the sunset sky, stood a lordly stranger, roaring defiance at all the world, with around him the tame hinds. It was the famous Mystery Stag, and there I also beheld him only yesterday.

"ANISEED."

The ZOUCHE COLLECTION of ARMOUR

By F. H. CRIPPS DAY

THE HON. ROBERT CURZON began to form, in 1840, the interesting collection of armour now at Parham, which is to be dispersed at an auction to be held on November 10th and 11th by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge at their rooms in New Bond Street. This is the last collection still in private hands made during the period of the Gothic Revival, which began with Horace Walpole and was at its height at about the time of the death of Sir Walter Scott. Since that period many enthusiasms and cults as ecstatic, but for the most part without that strength which a love of the mediæval always seems to carry with it, have come and gone. To-day's taste is catholic: all that is best of all periods appeals to the man of culture, but rarely indeed does he find an opportunity of gratifying his desire for the masterpieces of the Middle Ages. This sale will give him this opportunity, for in it are included rare and coveted pieces of Gothic armour.

A slight melancholy, a feeling of regret will come to all when they hear of the dispersal of the Parham Collection, for there is in the disruption of even a part of the work of a man's life a touch of tragedy which springs from the thought of how lightly and disconcertingly Fate at the last deals with it all.

Considering the catalogue in detail, it may be observed that the earliest pieces are a pair of arms (Lot 83) of pure Italian workmanship of 1470, an elbow-cop (Lot 193),



VENETIAN SALADE. ITALIAN, *circa* 1480.

which Sir Guy Laking described as French and of about the year 1460, and a portion of a solleret (Lot 99). The period of most of the Gothic armour is of the end of the fifteenth century, and much of it is decorated with Gothic tracery, such as is seen on a pair of gauntlets in the Royal Armoury, Madrid, which tradition says belonged to Maximilian I, and which are of German make of about 1490, possibly that of Hans Grünewalt of Nuremburg; and this Gothic tracery is especially to be remarked on the breastplate, backplate and cuisse of the suit (Lot 67). Some of the decorative edgings to the plates on other of the Gothic breastplates and backplates are characterised by certain features, to be noted in the suit formerly in the Duc de Dino Collection and now in New York—a suit which is supposed to be of Franco-Italian workmanship. The espalier pauldron (Lot 190) and elbow-cop (Lot 192) are examples of beautiful Italian work of about the end of the third quarter of the fifteenth century. The pair of cuisses (Lot 90) have been compared in style to those represented on the effigy of John, Earl of Shrewsbury, which was sculptured about twenty years later than the year of his death (1453). Much of the Gothic armour which Lord Zouche purchased in Genoa is supposed to have come from the Turkish Arsenal attached to the Church of St. Irene at Constantinople.

The puffed and slashed armpiece (Lot 194) is a very scarce specimen. No piece of armour of this type has come into the market for very many years. This particular example is to be compared to a rather similar one in the Tower, purchased in 1841.

The jousting breastplate (Lot 199, herewith illustrated) is very uncommon. It is, perhaps, the rarest piece in the whole



BREASTPLATE BELONGING TO A SUIT OF JOUSTING ARMOUR. Probably German, end of fifteenth century.

collection. Similar boxed breastplates are only to be seen in National Museums. Perhaps in some of the feudal castles of Austria a few of such tilting-harnesses are still preserved. We do not know of any. The "poldermitton" reinforcing defence to the right arm and the "manifer" are both pieces which



BREASTPLATE, GERMAN, EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

the collector has seldom the chance of acquiring. Whoever purchases this (Lot 199) will also obtain a pair of Gothic pauldrons. The half suit (Lot 96) is plain Maximilian, with a finely formed globose breastplate. The whole suit is beautifully etched and, after it has been carefully handled and put together, will be one which will add lustre to any collection.

The German suit (Lot 201) resembles the harness of Georg von Freundsberg in Vienna, which Boeheim dated as 1515. The etching on the backplate is in a wonderful state of preservation.

The Maximilian fluted suit (Lot 195) is of noble proportions, finely constructed, bold and thoroughly typical of the German workmanship of the period.

There are a number of salades, most of which are of the barbute type; and we would call attention especially to Lot 69 (herewith illustrated), a fine specimen, with its original velvet covering and decoration showing Moorish influence, so distinctive of Venetian art of the fifteenth century. The salade (Lot 68) may be Italian, but its form is of the French and Northern European type.

The small shield (Lot 186), either Italian or German, is early sixteenth century and is exceedingly rare. Such shields were carried by men fighting on foot, and may be seen depicted in the drawings of Maximilian's Triumph,

by Burgmaier, or in Achille Marozzo's book on fencing, published in 1536. The "holy water sprinkler" (Lot 110) is a museum rather than a collector's piece. It is like "King Henry's Walking Staff" in the Tower. There are not a large number of swords and daggers in the collection; but some are sound specimens, though not of outstanding merit. The sword in Lot 56 has a blade by Sahagom of Toledo.

The sale, which is divided into 211 lots, includes good examples of Saracenic armour and mail, cross-bows, and a number of firearms.

The Baron de Cosson has written a vivid and interesting little preface to the catalogue. When we read it we remembered the Prefatory Notice, by J. R. Planché, to the Brocas sale of 1834, when he wrote: "The spirit of critical inquiry has vastly changed the character and pursuits of the archaeological student. A piece of old iron is no longer valued for its rust alone." It will be interesting to compare the Brocas prices with those of the Zouche sale.

The catalogue describes the armour in detail, and the greatest care has been taken to point any parts of the suits which are restorations. There are many references to Sir Guy Laking's "Armour and Arms," a work which appears likely to be of the greatest value to collectors.

THE POPULAR DOG OF THE DAY

By A. CROXTON SMITH.

WHEN Sealyhams were first beginning to boom, I asked an experienced observer who was in the habit of taking up the latest thing in dog-flesh, if it was merely a flash in the pan or if the

little terrier from South Wales had really come to stay. His answer was to the effect that the craze would last for two or three years longer and then gradually wane. From his estimate, which has proved to be singularly inaccurate, some consolation may be afforded to those Alsatian Wolf Dog enthusiasts who are already calculating the duration of the present prosperous state of affairs. That certain changes will occur before long is more than likely. The public, becoming more critical, will no longer rush blindly after dogs that have no style or duly accredited parentage. During the last twelve months anything called an Alsatian has found a ready market, frequently at figures absurdly beyond its value. There is a shrewd suspicion that admixtures with the Belgian sheepdogs — Groenendaël or Malinois — have masqueraded

as the genuine article. This is possible. I should not be surprised if the progeny of an Alsatian and one of our own smooth-coated collies might not pass muster among those unversed in the niceties of the distinctions that should exist.

After all, there is a certain generic likeness between several varieties of smooth, prick-eared sheepdogs, and cross-bred puppies might easily sufficiently resemble one of the parents to be classed as pure. Growth of knowledge concerning the breed characteristics, and familiarity with the appearance of the best specimens will so educate the taste that a general weeding-out process will ensue; the price of indifferent specimens will come down with a run, but, unless my calculations are hopelessly wrong, the value of the better ones will correspondingly increase. Breeders will realise that the only way in which they can get an adequate return for their outlay will be through the real all-round merit of their stock, and the more consistently they can produce prize winners the more will their strains be sought after. Within the next



T. Fall.

THE HON. MRS. ST. AUBYN AND THREE ALSATIAN PUPPIES.

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two or three years matters should settle down in a manner satisfactory to all except to those who will no more be able to palm off rubbish on an unsuspecting public.

There is so much that is really good in the kingdom at the present time, and so many keen, capable men and women are engaged in the cult of the Alsatian, that I am venturing upon the rôle of prophet with a confidence that is further strengthened by a thought of the attractive qualities inherent in the dog himself. Obviously there must be something peculiarly pleasing about him to have enabled him to win such an extraordinary position for himself in France, Switzerland, Germany and the United States. As a nation of confirmed dog-lovers, we have perhaps been too eclectic in our predilections, dissipating our energies in a number of directions, ever to give a prominence to any one breed similar to that accorded the Alsatian Wolf Dog on the Continent, but our disposition to welcome a foreigner wholeheartedly should all be in favour of a successful future for the newcomer.

I have spoken of the excellent material that we already possess. An examination of German records shows that up to eleven years ago most of the winners in the Fatherland came from a strain of which the leading exponents were Hekter von Schwaben, Beowulf, and Roland von Starkenburg. Then the centre of interest shifted, as experience of our kennels proves it has a habit of doing, to other strains, of which the two principal were those recognised by the affixes "von der Kriminalpolizei" and "von Boll." I believe I am right in saying that we have a good deal of the blood of both. As a combination of these strains seems to be productive of excellent



SPRUNG FROM A LINE OF CHAMPIONS.
Senta von de Wengi's head.

results, it follows that British breeders have every opportunity of exercising their proverbial skill, and in the course of time, as matters sort themselves out, we shall see a few emerging from the ruck and asserting a supremacy as the reward of their efforts.

I shall expect to find Major Dunbar Kelly, D.S.O., whose dogs are illustrated this week, among the elect. The knowledge he has acquired as a breeder of polo ponies before the war should come in useful. His introduction to the breed took place in France, when a brief interval in his military duties gave him the opportunity of visiting the famous kennels owned by Mme. Guyot at Marisquel, near Montreuil. He was so taken with the animals that he bought one on the spot and took her away with him. This was Meina von Simphon of the "Kriminalpolizei" strain. Unfortunately, disaster followed. Probably as a result of knocking about with the troops, the puppies the bitch was expecting came prematurely, and she herself died of pneumonia in Cambrai, where she arrived two days after the departure of the Boches. In the meantime, the Major was so taken with the

breed that he had returned to Marisquel and further bought Clara von Hubschenstein, by Hors von Boll. Her fate, sad to say, was almost worse than that of her predecessor, she being run over by a motor lorry and killed on the spot the day before the armistice, a very great blow to her owner.

Determined not to be beaten, Major Kelly went back to France in 1919 and obtained the three now illustrated. I like the look of the dog Rolf von de Schoneyg immensely. Coming from one of the leading French breeders, he is bred on the same lines on his sire's side as Danko von der Riedekenburg,



T. Fall.

AJAX, ROLF AND ROMULUS—ADELHEID'S FOUR MONTHS OLD PUPPIES, BY ROLF.

Copyright.

Note their immense bone. The ears will gradually become normal, i.e., up.

which on the occasion of his recent death, was described as easily the best dog of France, and probably the best in Europe. Twenty thousand francs could not buy him when offered. Rolf, which is of a grey wolf colour, was placed second at Rouen, the only time he was shown in France, beating a lot of well known dogs, including Cid Alsatia, Arès de Beauchamps and Auto von Simplon. On this side he has been first at Cheltenham and second at Kensington and Manchester. I expect, however, that his owner values him more for his great possibilities at the stud, thanks to his incomparable breeding and constitution. The fact that he is a big dog is, to my mind, an additional recommendation, for we know how difficult it is to keep up size in a breed that is inevitably inbred if we wish to fix type. I have seen a letter from a prominent French authority who regrets the loss of the dog's services. "During the making



ROLF VON DE SCHONEYG.

appearances, and this year's importations will have to give us something altogether out of the usual if they are going to put Rolf of Nisbet and Boy of Mattesdon in the background."

Now a word about the two bitches, of which great hopes are also entertained. Adelheid von Nadelberg has ten champions in her pedigree, and combines the blood of the two strains mentioned. Bred in Germany, she was bought from a French owner. Being born in the prohibited period, she cannot be exhibited here, but her stock have already proved valuable and of great promise. The three puppies in the illustration came from her and Rolf. She is a beautiful wolf-grey in colour, and her intelligence is remarkable. She is due with another litter of pups by Senta von de Wengi, of a similar colour, was first and reserve for the championship at Reading. She is particularly well bred, being a granddaughter of Champion

Rolf on the 12th of this month.

colour, was first and reserve for the championship at Reading. She is particularly well bred, being a granddaughter of Champion



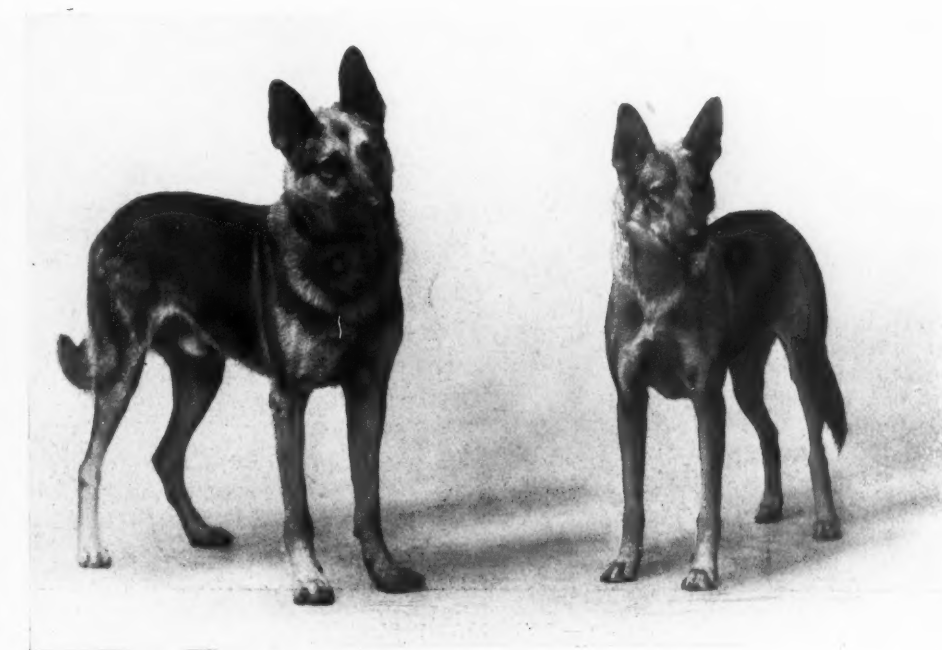
ADELHEID VON NADELBERG.



SENTA VON DE WENGI

of the race in England," he said, "your dog Rolf is a necessity. . . . We have not his equal for breeding purposes." Rolf has extraordinary bone, correct lines, and admirable movement. In France immense importance is attached to movement.

That the hopes put in him are not misplaced is proved by the performance of his first two puppies to come out at Edinburgh. There Rolf of Nisbet and Boy of Mattesdon were first and second to one another. The judge, Mr. Will Hally, afterwards wrote of them: "Special Limit Dogs brought us to the surprise packets of the show, in the sense of first



T. Fall.

ROLF AND ADELHEID (DOG AND BITCH)—NOTE THE CONTRAST IN SIZE.

Ali von de Sudenburg, and has nine champions at the back of her. In outline and finish of rump she is nearly perfect, while she was specially selected by her owner for her great bone, robust constitution, and affectionate, docile disposition.

All these three Alsations have sound fashionable pedigrees behind them, which have been proved to be the right strains.

The fact that we have the choicest Continental blood represented in Rolf and the two bitches makes it tolerably certain that Major Dunbar Kelly's kennels will contribute their share towards the establishment of the breed in the United Kingdom.

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THE Kentish Stour, on its way from Ashford to Canterbury, flows through the most beautiful region of East Kent. The river has ploughed its way through a breach of the chalk hills which tower up from its west bank to the woody heights of Godmersham Park, whose grandly timbered slopes have been the home of a herd of deer since 1742, when Thomas May Knight enclosed and emparked 600 acres around the house, which he had built ten years earlier on the lower ground. In two rooms of that house we still find exceptionally fine wood and plaster work of the kind which the Burlingtonian school of architects favoured, which Colin Campbell had introduced shortly before at Mere-worth—lying twenty miles west of Godmersham—and which, in still ampler and grander manner, was being lavished at Houghton in Norfolk, when Thomas May Knight was laying the foundations of his new home.

Godmersham is a large parish, stretching out from both banks of the Stour and contains the sub-manors of Ford, Yallande and Egerton, as well as the chief one, which Hasted informs us "*Beornulph, K. of Mercia, in the year 822, gave to Chrift Church in Canterbury to the use of their refectory and cloathing at the request of Archbishop Wlfred.*" With a short interval soon after, it remained, as Domesday calls it, a portion of "the lands of the monks of the Archbishop" until the Dissolution, when Henry VIII granted it to the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury who still hold it. The apse of the church is Norman and may well date from the eleventh century, and

the yews in the churchyard are held to be not less aged. Close by was the monkish manor house, much of which still stood when Hasted wrote his History of Kent towards the end of the eighteenth century, since he tells us that:

The house is situated on the bank of the river Stour a small distance northward from the church. It appears to have been a very large mansion formerly. The old hall of it is yet remaining, with the windows, door-ways, and chimney of it, in the Gothic style. Over the porch at the entrance of the house, is the effigies of the Prior, curiously carved in stone, sitting richly habited, with his mitre and pall, and his crozier in his left hand, his right lifted up in the act of benediction, and his sandals on his feet.

Hasted thought the effigy represented Chittenden, Prior under Richard II, but, although Hudson Turner says that "the hall and most of the principal apartments were taken down about the year 1810," yet enough remained to convince him that the work belonged to the time of Prior Henry, who is known to have repaired and enlarged the building under Edward I.

With the exception of this house, the village and most of the acres in the parish belonged in Hasted's time to Thomas May Knight, whose ancestors had long held the Ford and Yallande Manors, which, under Elizabeth, Richard Austen had conveyed to "*Thomas Broadnax late of Hyth, gent, who afterwards resided at Ford-Place as his descendants, possessors of these manors afterwards did without intermission.*" There were Broadnaxes in Kent as early as the days of Henry V, and they were at Hythe until the purchase of the Ford Manor. There they lived modestly housed as knights or squires, marrying the daughters



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1.—THE NORTH SIDE.

From a plate dated 1785, in Hasted's "Kent."

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—THE HALL CHIMNEYPIECE;

"COUNTRY LIFE."

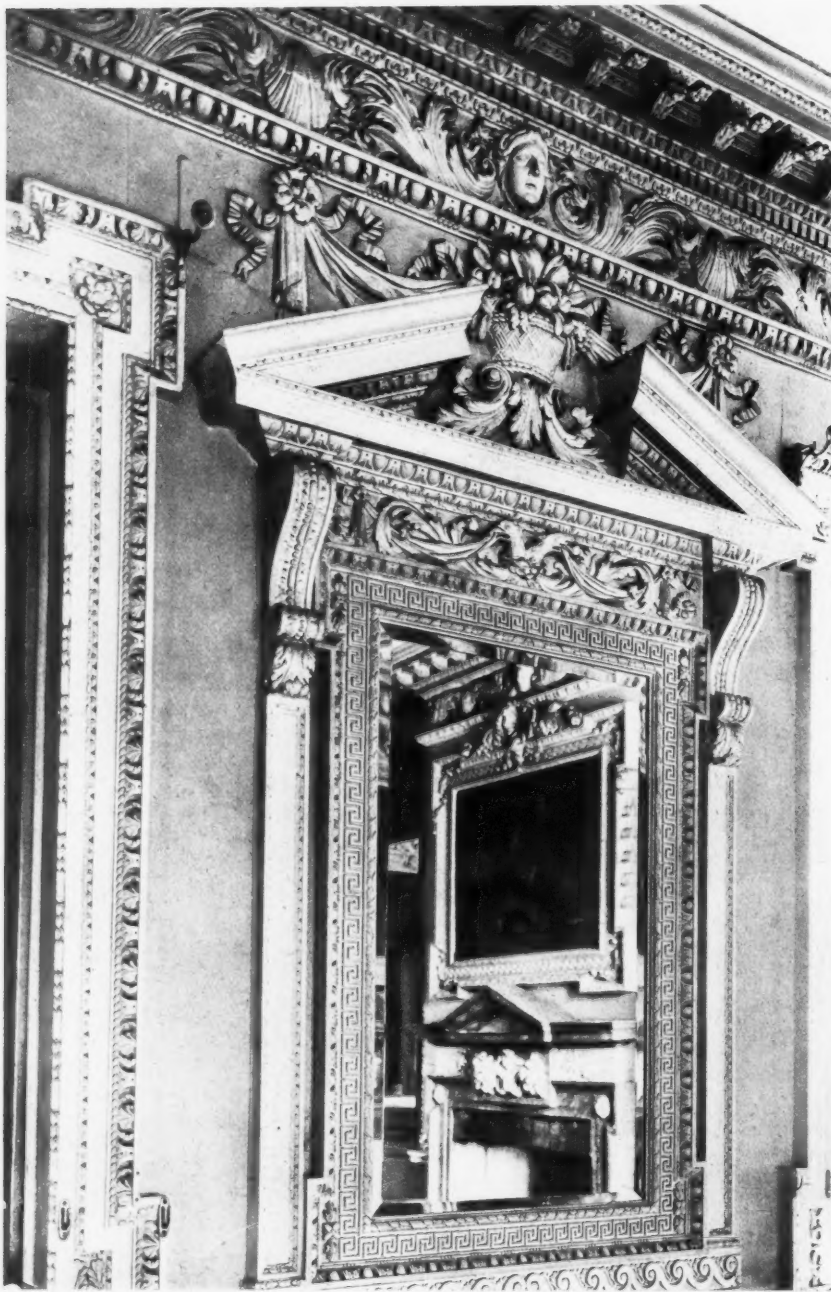
of neighbouring knights and squires—such as the Diggeses of next-door Chilham—until an accession of wealth came to the great-great-grandson of the original purchaser. Thomas Brodnax, son of William Brodnax and Anne May, his second wife,

in the 13th year of George I, anno 1727, pursuant to the will of *Sir Thomas May, Knt.* and under the authority of an act of Parliament, changed his name to *May*, and in 1729 kept his *shrievalty* for this county here. In 1732 he rebuilt this feat, and in 1738, pursuant to the will of *Mrs. Elizabeth Knight*, widow of Bulstrode Peachy Knight, Esq; and under the authority of another act, he again changed his name to *Knight*, and in 1742 inclosed a park round his feat here afterwards called Ford-Park, which name it

willed it "to her cousin Thomas Brodnax." In 1727 he had given the May arms the first place in his quarterings, and thus they appear in the frieze of the hall (Fig. 6). That arrangement, however, ceased in 1738, when the Knight bend fusilly was given precedence.

The house that he built in 1732 remains, but has been enlarged and altered. He will have erected a red brick house with stone dressings. These, to the north (Fig. 1), included a pilastered and pedimented doorway, and bold window architraves and heads. There was a centre occupied by a hall—lofty enough to include roundels above the main windows—flanked on each side by parlours, slightly projecting, and beyond

them were short wings somewhat recessed. This gave a very complete and typical Early Georgian elevation, by no means improved by the pavilions added before the plate included in *Hasted* was published in 1785. Here the windows are unenriched apertures, and the same obtains on the whole of the south side (Fig. 11). Moreover, at some later date the whole house, brick and stone alike, was painted a gloomy stone colour, and the original sash-bars removed. The effect is somewhat depressing, and it would need considerable work to give back to the exterior its original excellence. Within, however, the two rooms on which Thomas May Knight expended decorative profusion remain intact. The hall is 36ft. long and 24ft. wide, with a height of about 20ft. The floor is in stone squares set diagonally and with chamfered corners to allow the inseting of black marble. This we also find at Ditchley, where, a little earlier, Gibbs had contrived a hall very similar in its disposition and details, except that there figures lie on the main door pediments as at Mereworth, Houghton and Honington. At Godmersham the entrance doorway matches that which faces it (Fig. 5) and gives access to what, if the normal Georgian planning were adopted, will have been a saloon, but is now a staircase hall. Both doorways take the form of arched recesses framed by engaged Corinthian pillars supporting an entablature and pediment. The keystone of the arch is arranged as a console with female mask centrally sustaining the entablature. Over the inner door the tympanum is occupied by a great shell, and the same *motif*, but shaped as a quarter sphere, appears at the head of the niche (Fig. 4) occupying the centre of the east side of the room and framed to match the chimney-piece opposite (Fig. 2). There the central panel is a classic subject sculptured in stone, which is likewise the substance of the chimney-piece, the whole framing of the panel being in painted pinewood, as are the door-cases. But the plasterer was given scope for his art in the frieze, which is very elaborate. In general scheme it resembles that in the saloon at Colchilly, executed three-quarters of a century earlier. There are the same cartouches



3.—BETWEEN THE WINDOWS OF THE NORTH DRAWING-ROOM.

The admirably wrought window architraving shows on the left-hand side.

seems since entirely to have lost, this feat and park being now usually called *Godmersham Park*.

Hasted fails to give us any information as to the relationship of Thomas Brodnax to the two people whose names he successively took, and even Lord Brabourne, the grandson of the man to whom the Knight inheritance came in 1794, sheds no light on the subject. Sir Thomas was probably an uncle, but Elizabeth Knight was a very shadowy relative. *Hasted* tells us that she was twice married, first to a William Knight of Dean in Sussex, secondly to Bulstrode, younger brother of Sir Henry Peachy of Petworth, who thereupon appears as Bulstrode Peachy Knight. From the *Victoria History of Hampshire* we learn that her brother, Christopher Knight, left her the old Knight family place of Chawton in that county, and that she

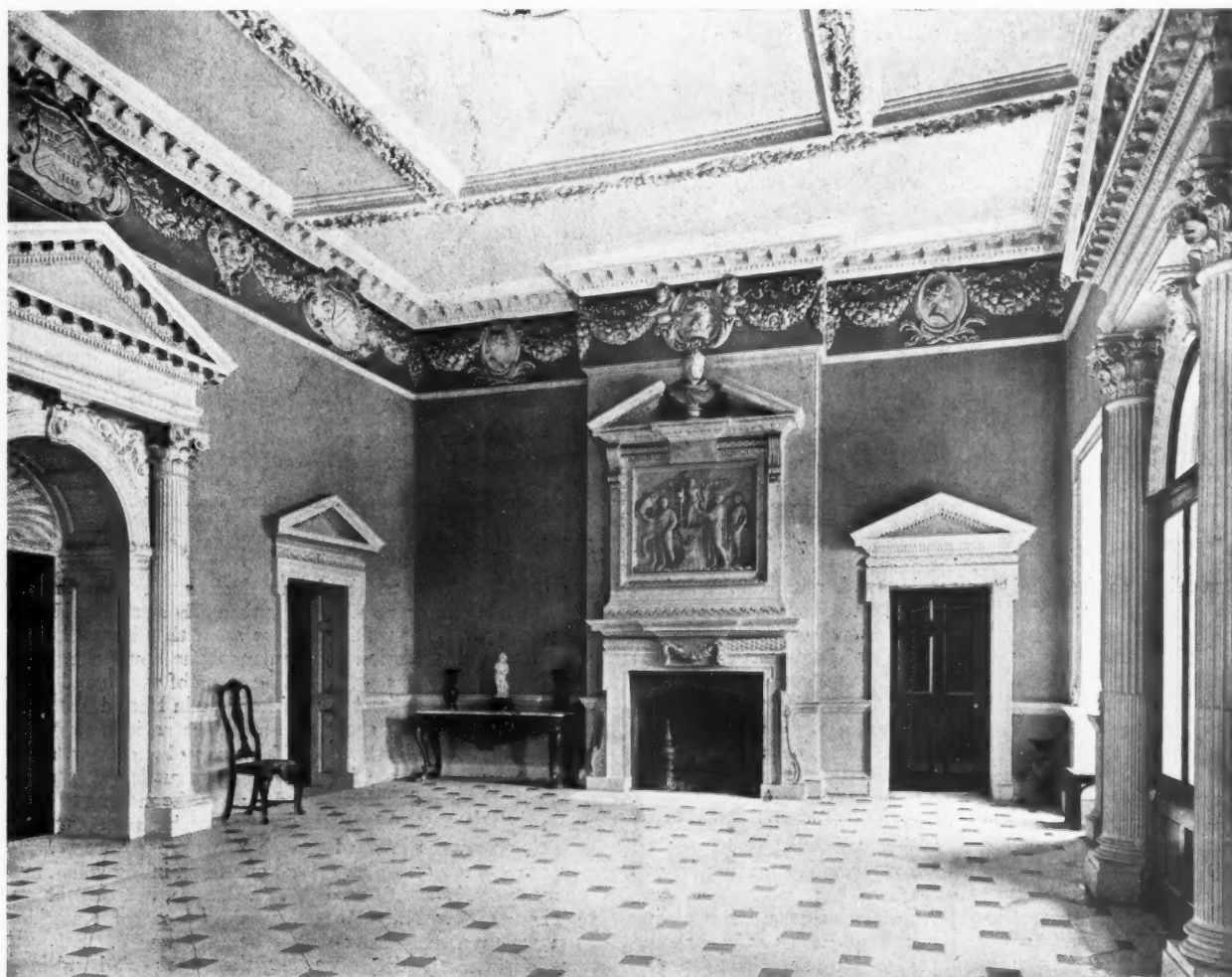
connected by ribboned fruit swags. But the Godmersham frieze is deeper, and the cartouches are more varied and diverse besides being supplemented by medallions of profile heads. A pair of these occurs on both west and east walls where the central cartouche is enriched by figures of boys and contains the May crest. On the south wall there are five cartouches. Two of them are small and contain a grotesque mask. The other three are heraldic, the outer ones having the arms of May and Brodnax respectively, while that in the centre combines them quarterly. The lesser doorways also have pediments, separated from the broken architraves by a roll moulding of oak leaves. That to the left of the entrance leads to a dining-room which has been modernised, but that to the left gives into a drawing-room with a very complete decorative



Copyright. 4.—NICHE IN THE HALL. "C.L."
It occupies the centre of the wall facing the chimneypiece.



Copyright. 5.—DOORWAY IN THE HALL. "C.L."
It faces the entrance doorway, which is of the same design.



Copyright.

6.—THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

scheme in carved wood (Fig. 7). The walls are lined with wood, not wainscoted, but with an even, painted surface that forms a plain background to the close-set succession of door and window cases, frames and drops. The three door-cases have broken architraves identical with those of the lesser ones in the hall, but flanked by panelled pilasters. From them emerge consoles supporting a broken pediment, which leaves a space for a *motif* consisting of a basket of fruit resting on an acanthus scroll and having ribboned drapery swags on each side. The same scheme is used for the mirror (Fig. 3) between the windows, which are cased with architraving resembling that of the doors, but more enriched, the shell carving of the principal member of the outer moulding being particularly well executed. The chimneypiece (Fig. 8) occupying the centre of the east wall is of dark veined marble with a frieze and ornaments of sculptured Carrara marble, the whole being reminiscent of the larger ones in the saloon and velvet bedroom at Houghton. Over it, enclosing a picture, is a richly wrought frame, treated on the

then the normal treatment and quite legitimate even in a highly decorated room, where little furniture and still fewer ornamental objects were called for or intended. As first occupied by Thomas May Knight, the Godmersham north drawing-room will certainly have been fully satisfying and not overpowering. It is very well thought out in the choice and discipline of *motifs*. The shells and acanthus scrolls that top the frames are akin to those in the frieze just above them where the salient and individual feature is the female mask. The open flower, used in the door-case and chimneypiece broken architraving, recurs in the drops and swags of the wall decoration. Thus well ordered, and rendered with quite admirable execution, the whole room affords a temperate and controlled richness devoid of either coarseness or anarchy.

The rest of the interior was either intended to be plain or left for future treatment which it did not receive. The north-east wing or pavilion consists, on the ground floor, of a great room, over 50ft. long, now abandoned and decayed, but having



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7.—THE NORTH DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

same lines as the window-cases, but with more carving. The workmanship is everywhere exquisite and profuse, and there is no plain surface whatever, but the reserve of the key pattern occupying the flat prevents any sense of baroque exaggeration such as characterised the contemporary Italian output. The remaining wall spaces have similar frames descending to the dado and certainly intended for full-length portraits, as was customary in such positions at the time. The substitution of great sheets of looking-glass for the canvases is most unhappy. In place of coloured but dark richness, we get the already somewhat exaggerated light toned decoration repeated at all sorts of angles in most disturbing and restless confusion. The original designer, who will have been perfectly well aware that he was approaching the line of overloading, will have relied on pictures showing breadth of treatment and depth of colouring, to bring his scheme together, so that the contents of his frames should yield a measure of repose and not reflect a wild jazz dance of voluptuous baroque elements. The one mirror between the windows, where a picture would have been ill lighted, was

two chimneypieces which do not look much later than the 1732 building and certainly earlier than Thomas May Knight's death in 1781. It would therefore seem that it was he who, before the end of his long life, enlarged the house that he had built in the early years of his first accretion of wealth and change of name, and it is noticeable that the plate in Hasted, dated four years after his death, shows the structure as it is now. But we do get also the handiwork of his son and successor, accompanied, on one example, by a date. Very rusticated gate-posts (Fig. 10) are topped with caps and urns in the manner of Robert Adam. The material is terra-cotta—perhaps an output of Coade's successors in the Lambeth "lithodipra" works. The caps have panels on which we not only find, in low relief, much the same urn as stands modelled on the top, but also the arms of Thomas May Knight's son impaling those of Knatchbull, from which neighbouring family he took a wife. Below the arms is incised the date 1793. Of the same period and in the same style are the great bookcases which still stand in the disused east room. They are about 15ft. wide, those at either

end of the room being straight fronted, but that occupying the middle position between the chimneypieces has a deep centre and diminishing sides, a form that greatly enhances the effect in its position between the slightly projecting chimney-breasts. Either to this date or to the Austen régime that followed will belong the recasting of the south side and the addition of the central portico which faces a wide vista across the lawn and

complete shade, and yet wholly obscure the fine lines of the great stems of the lime trees. Godmersham is a choice eighteenth century place which the nineteenth century has somewhat misused and vulgarised, but which the twentieth century will know how to appreciatively renovate if the opportunity occurs.

Besides being Sheriff in 1729, Thomas May was M.P. for Canterbury in 1734, just after he got into his new house. We



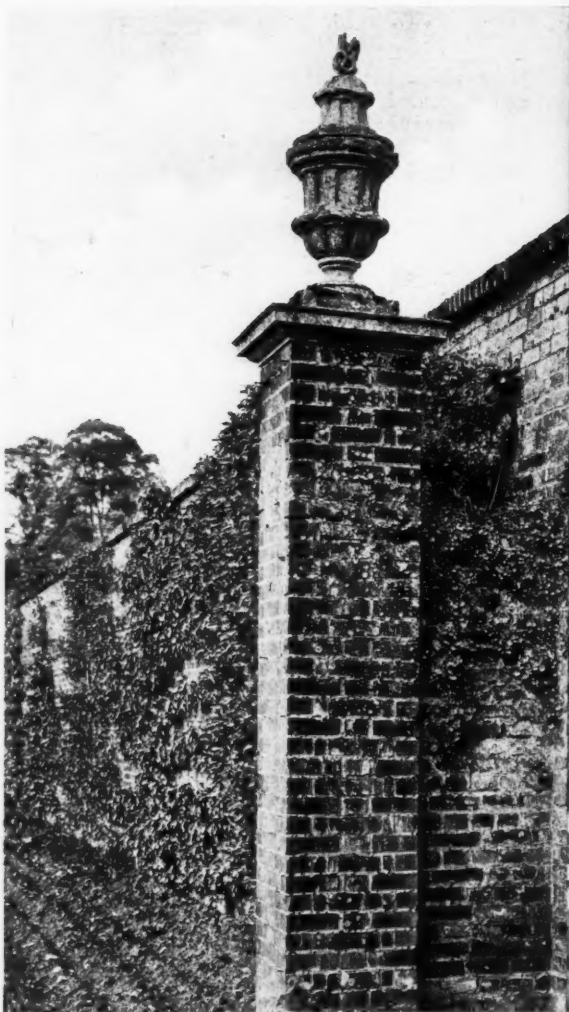
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8.—THE CHIMNEYPiece IN THE NORTH DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

up the slope where it is bordered by trees and ends with a "Gothic" temple such as Horace Walpole took pleasure in and the following generation continued to erect. Of the time of the original house is much of the garden walling, where we find an Early Georgian urn (Fig. 9) set on a tall plinth or post, and near this there is a stately avenue of limes wholly ruined in effect by the planting between them, in recent times, of yews which lead an attenuated and sad existence under the

are told nothing of his public career after his second change of name; but that he was locally esteemed is clear from Hasted, who pronounces an exceptional panegyric on his character and worth. His son, Thomas Knight, followed in his footsteps, representing Kent in Parliament in 1774 and marrying a granddaughter of Sir Edward Knatchbull of Mersham Hatch. They had no children, and this inheritor of the names and fortunes of Brodnax, May and Knight had to look around for an heir. His



9.—GEORGIAN STONE URN IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN.



10.—GATEPOST WITH TERRA COTTA CAP AND URN, DATED 1793.

mother's grandfather stood in the same relationship to George Austen, rector of Steventon, whose daughter Jane, the future novelist, was born in 1775. Of her five brothers, the second one, Edward, attracted the attention of his distant relatives at Godmersham and they adopted him. A silhouette group illustrated by Constance Hill in her "Jane Austen, Her Homes and Her Friends," shows the rector of Steventon presenting his son to Mr. and Mrs. Knight, "and the child—a comical little figure in a tight-fitting coat and knee breeches—stretches out his hand towards his adopted parents." The very next year to that in which Thomas Knight set up his terra-cotta topped gate-posts saw his death, which was shortly followed by the occupation of Godmersham by Edward Austen, for the widow insisted on handing it over to him in her lifetime. There he largely spent his life, and there the novelist was his frequent guest, so that Mr. W. H. Helm, in his "Jane Austen and her Country-House Comedy," declares that—

If there is anything in the influence of place, Godmersham was part author of the novels. The spirit of Jane Austen abides in

the delicious air of this quiet and unspoilt valley, where, when the wind blows strongly from the south-west, the salt of the sea-breezes mingles with the perfumes of the grass and the wood smoke as pleasantly as the Attic wit of Jane Austen mingles with the sweetness of her heroines and the thousand delights of her dialogue.

Some of the letters she wrote from there survive and are included in her great-nephew Lord Brabourne's two volumes of her correspondence. In 1808 Edward has his elder brother, James, staying with him, and the latter's wife, Mary, arrives with Jane, who writes to her sister :

our two brothers were walking before the house as we approached, as natural as life. Fanny and Lizzy met us in the Hall with a great deal of pleasant joy ; we went for a few minutes into the breakfast parlour, and then proceeded to our rooms. Mary has the Hall chamber. I am in the Yellow room—very literally—for I am writing in it at this moment. It seems odd to me to have such a great place all to myself, and to be at Godmersham without you is also odd.

Lord Brabourne tells us that Edward Austen, who took the name of Knight, "greatly improved" Godmersham "inside and out,"



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11.—THE SOUTH SIDE

"COUNTRY LIFE."

so that some of the changes that now appear to be by no means improvements may have been effected by him. More, however, was done when in 1852 he was succeeded by his son, who "spent a large sum in repairing and remodelling Godmersham, intending to live there, but never did so," eventually disposing of it to Mr. Lister Kay, but retaining Chawton House, which has been a Knight property since the sixteenth century and where are retained many reminiscences of the family such as the Romney portraits of Thomas Knight and his wife.

Godmersham is now the property of Lord Masham. Ellis Cunliffe of Ilkley in Yorkshire married, in 1738, the heiress of Thomas Lister, vicar of Ilkley, and his grandson, Ellis, assumed the names of Lister, under the will of Samuel Lister

of Manningham, and of Kay, upon the death of his wife's father, William Kay of Cottingham. Their eldest son, John Cunliffe Lister Kay, was the purchaser of Godmersham from the nephew of Jane Austen, and he left it, on his death as a nonagenarian in 1902, to his son Ellis. Meanwhile his younger brother remained in Yorkshire, where the Manningham Mills and the estate of Swinton are owned by the family. He was called to the House of Peers as Lord Masham in 1891 and was succeeded in title and estates by his eldest son in 1906. He died in 1917 and was succeeded by his brother John, present and third Baron Masham of Swinton, who from the failure of issue of the elder branch is also owner of Godmersham, where, however, he has not resided.
H. AVRAY TIPPING.

OF ACHES AND PAINS

By ISABEL BUTCHART.

IT is difficult to think of headaches and romance together, yet Pliny almost attained the impossible when he advised the wearing of a wreath of violets as a cure. Since his day the treatment of headaches, even of those in books, has lost in grace as it gains in efficacy. Aspirin and phenacetin are sordid compared with a violet wreath, but Desdemona's

Let me bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

has suggestion of comfort, and in one of Miss Wetherell's books—"Queechy," her best—very effective play is made with strong black coffee.

Mr. Carleton went directly down to the cabin. The stewardess whom he sent in to see how she was brought back word that Fleda was not asleep but was too ill to speak to her. Mr. Carleton went immediately into the little crib of a state-room. There he found his little charge, sitting bolt upright, her feet on the rung of a chair and her hands grasping the top to support herself. Her eyes were closed, her face without a particle of colour, except the dark shade round the eyes, which bespoke illness and pain. She made no attempt to answer his shocked questions and words of tender concern, not even by the raising of an eyelid, and he saw that the intensity of pain at the moment was such as to render breathing itself difficult. He sent off the stewardess with all despatch after iced water and vinegar and brandy, and himself went on an earnest quest of restoratives among the lady passengers in the cabin. Most tenderly and judiciously he applied various remedies to the suffering child. Several were in vain. But there was one bottle of strong aromatic vinegar which was destined to immortalise its owner in Fleda's remembrance. Before she had taken three whiffs of it her colour changed. Mr. Carleton watched the effect of a few whiffs more and then bade the stewardess take away all the other things and bring him a cup of fresh strong coffee. By the time it came Fleda was ready for it and by the time Mr. Carleton had administered the coffee he saw it would do to throw his mother's shawl round her and carry her up on deck.

Fleda is only a child here and coming events are merely casting their shadows before, for nine years later the headache scene is repeated in stronger colours and with stronger coffee; but it is too long to quote and I must refer those who are interested to the book itself, which is vigorous and charming in spite of its many droppings of warm tears.

I do not agree with Beatrice Chase about the wonderful realism of Sir Nigel's headaches in Monsignor Benson's novel "Initiation," but I am interested to find that a description that can make one reader feel really ill herself can leave another cold.

This is Sir Nigel's headache working up to fury as he lies in bed one night:

It was first a galloping horse that approached from the immeasurable distance to which the hot water and eau-de-Cologne had temporarily banished the agony—that approached to announce to him that they were all coming back as fast as they could.

This horse galloped slowly and rhythmically, at a steady rate of progress; and the beat of his four hoofs altogether marked the blows of pain that he experienced.

The horse came nearer and nearer, growing, as was but natural, in weight as he approached, until he was really there, so to speak. He remained there a few seconds—never longer than about a minute, apparently prancing to the same rhythm, in the same place, without otherwise moving at all. Then he began to recede again on the other side, intolerably slowly it was true; but yet it was very nearly pleasure that he should recede at all.

But . . . two horses began to gallop, again in the immeasurable distance; and the worst of it was that they would not keep in step.

These two then punctually pursued the course of their fore-runner; they approached, they arrived; they remained steadily prancing, the four feet of each rising and falling, not quite together; they began to recede.

Then three horses came; then four; then five: and then a regiment. . . . It was very nearly interesting, when they all pranced together: they looked almost ludicrous—this long line from horizon to horizon (the horizons, of course, were his own temples)—rising and falling together like performers in a circus.

Then even these began to recede . . . further and further, until the thunder of their hoofs was no more than a murmur . . . and at last silence.

He lay then, softly, afraid to stir, lest a horse should begin to gallop up again to see what he was doing: and sometimes he managed really to go to sleep. But to-night it was useless. In spite of every conceivable precaution, the single horse began to suspect something. He began to trot: he began to canter; to gallop . . . and the hunt was up.

They had galloped, with short pauses, for over seven hours.

Now I protest that this is too complicated and subtle to carry conviction. The description of a headache should be simple, sensuous and passionate, and the writer would have hurt Sir Nigel more if he had said less.

Still, on the whole, authors are sound on headaches. They are least happy in their treatment of scarlet fever. Beth, in "Little Women," develops it the day after she was exposed to infection. In Lord Lytton's "Alice" the heroine, having caught it from a child she is nursing, is, after one week's illness, convalescent on the drawing-room sofa, surrounded by friends—behaviour as heartless as that of the young lady of Ealing.

Whose friends showed a want of kind feeling,

When she had scarlet fever

They wouldn't receive her

So she called on them while she was peeling.

Sixty or seventy years ago that vague illness known as a decline was the recognised means of dealing on paper with anybody who had to be gently removed from the scene. Later, the equally mysterious and elusive brain fever (unknown to doctors, I am told) had a very long run. And still more recently heart disease has slain its thousands. How prevalent in fiction is this complaint only those know who have wished to keep such novels out of the hands of people who are really suffering from some form of heart trouble. The pile of condemned books under the distant cushion grows with unbelievable speed. "A weak heart," in a novel, justifies any death at any moment. Those who write understand the unspeakable comfort of it. All the doctors in the Medical Directory could not catch out the author if he has touched in the disease slightly and with discretion. It never lets him down, as scarlet fever and other things may do. Secure in his rendering of "heart disease" he sits serene, o'ertopping knowledge.

The treatment of fainting, from a literary point of view, has also its niceties. I would give more than a little to have written the description of the fainting of Fay in "Prisoners," by Mary Cholmondeley. The sequence of sensation is perfect, and for once illness is touched to beauty.

The bishop's last words reached Fay from a great distance. The room with its many books, and the tall mullioned window with the bare elm branches across it were all turning gently together in a spreading dimness. The only thing that remained fixed was Magdalen's shoulder, and even that shook a little. Fay leaned her face against it and let all the rest go. The window with its tree quivered for a moment across the dark and then flickered out. The consciousness of tender hands and voices lingered a moment longer, and then vanished too.

Equally accurate, though expressed with less grace, is a passage by another writer.

You are told you may get up for a few minutes while your bed is being made. You try to stand but the floor eludes your toes and goes spinning away from you. Your legs crumple up and fail you completely. You throw your arms round Nurse, who practically lifts you to a chair near the bed and explains coldly that one's legs always behave like that if one has been in bed for some weeks.

Now we're all right!

But—

The room fills with white fog and the ceiling comes down lower and lower and there is a terrible, terrible pain in your head. So this is what is meant by *going mad*.

"Nurse!" you try to call, struggling to force your mind through pain and mist, "I'm going mad!" but you never know if the words get spoken.

Then the worst moment in your life comes to an end.

You open your eyes to find Nurse holding a glass of water to your lips. And a nice soppy mess she has made of the front of your nightgown too!

So it was only a faint? Well, how were you to know that, pray? For last time you fainted you just trailed off languidly into clouds and the sensation was rather pleasant than otherwise. Nurse condescends to be almost human. She calls you "poor girl" and gets you a dry nightgown.

But nothing shall induce me to state whence I culled this last extract.

A SET OF CHIPPENDALE CHAIRS AND A PAINTED CABINET

By PERCY MACQUOID.

TOWARDS the end of Chippendale's true period and before Robert Adam, plus Piranesi, had converted his buoyant lines and curves into classical neatness and severity, can be found some of the most sprightly and charming work of the Master of St. Martin's Lane, which he frequently and openly classified as French and which, no doubt—especially in chairs and tables—possessed many of the best qualities of Late Louis Quinze design without the latter's useless exuberances. It is curious that the French were so long in adopting mahogany and that they delayed its use until the more severe style known as Louis Seize inspired Riesener and others to appreciate this wood, for though admirably adapted as it is for carved chairs, we never find instances of Louis Quinze mahogany chairs or tables. No doubt, when first cut, there was a pink tint belonging to this wood that may have been unpleasing to the perfect taste of the trained French exquisite, hitherto accustomed to the harmonious blending of

walnut and gilding. The original colour of such chairs as shown in Fig. 1, one of a set of five belonging to Messrs. Harris and Sons, of 44, New Oxford Street, was very different when they were made to what they look like to-day. These very beautiful specimens are undoubtedly the work of Thomas Chippendale, in what he termed his "best French manner," of *circa* 1750. The slight and delicately carved framework of the backs and seats, then constructed to contain needlework or tapestries of Soho or Fulham manufacture, is distinctly in the style described in the "Director" as "French"; the legs and arms are dolphin-headed, the fish scaling merging into very florid and delicate sprays of acanthus which centre on the seat rail in a cabochon surrounded by a so-called French "*coquillage*," the arm supports being remarkably graceful and set on to the seat rail at the curious angle found on chairs of this time. In Fig. 2, an enlargement of the leg and seat rail apron, all these delicacies can be clearly traced, and the beautiful lines caused by



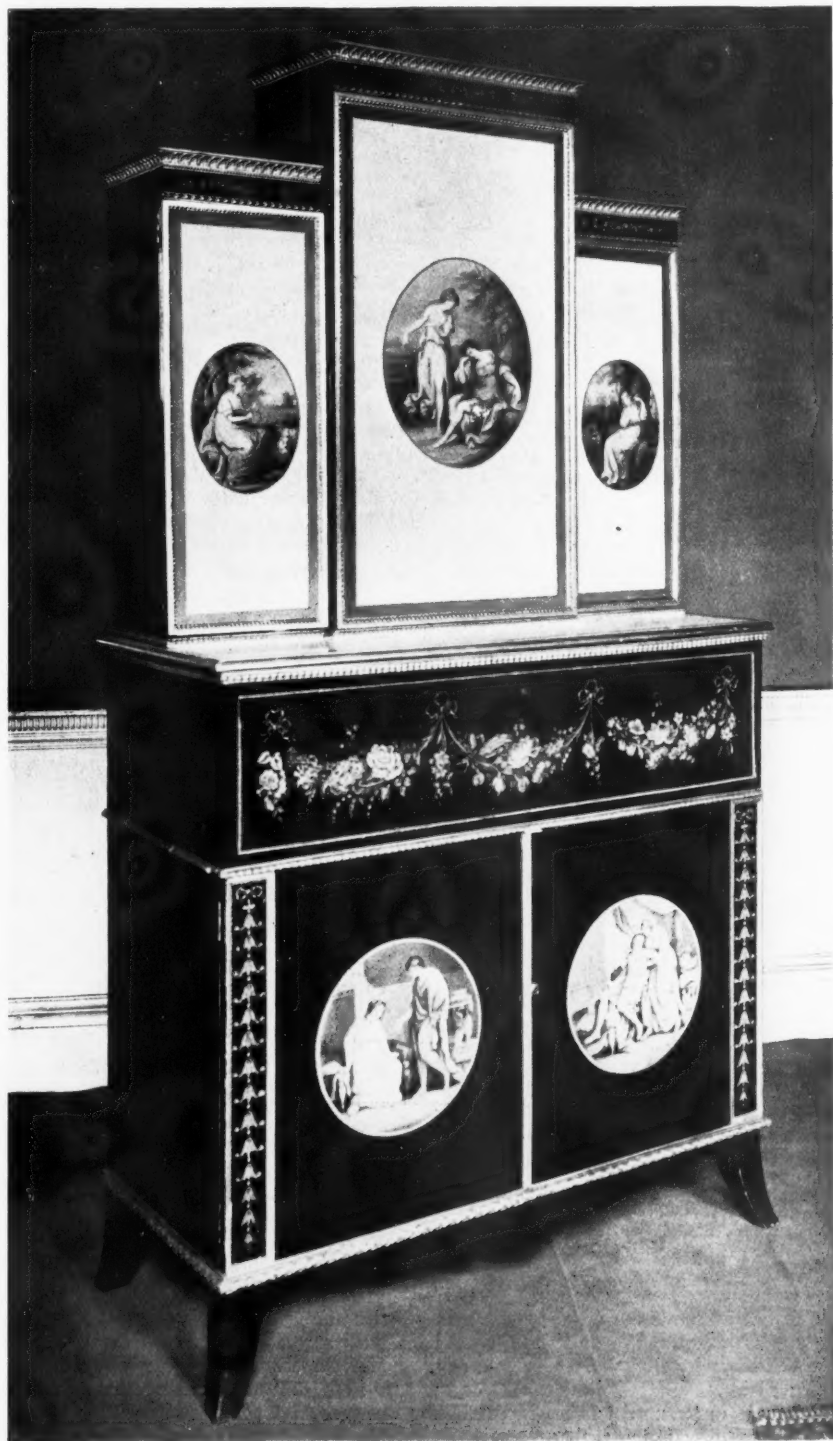
1.—ARMCHAIR. MAHOGANY. One of a set, with Dolphin legs and upholstered backs and seats, by Thomas Chippendale. *Circa* 1750.



2.—Enlargement of leg and seat rail of same

the long S scroll, picked up by the shallow curve uniting the leg, can be better appreciated, and it also well shows the fine carving of the dolphin's head. It is most instructive to compare these specimens with the dolphin-legged chairs illustrated in the "History of English Furniture," vol. iii, Figs. 175, 176 and 177, where on the same dolphin leg construction the makers have introduced ribband backs of delicate form and variety; it is hard to say which combination is the most pleasing, but there can be no doubt that the design, quality and execution of Messrs. Harris' examples are superior and emanate directly from

medallions, garlands and husked ornaments are treated in a similar taste, but on a black ground bordered in blue and framed in ormolu mouldings; the flowered front falls down as a writing desk, in the centre of which is another very beautiful coloured oval panel by the same artist. The second cabinet is very similar, but has no oval coloured panel inside. They are remarkable pieces of quiet and refined taste and must have been well suited to the super-simplicity of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, when women's dress was regarded almost as a superfluity, while the men choked their chins up with



3.—PAINTED CABINET. In two compartments, with medallions in Grisaille, by Angelica Kauffman, R.A. Circa 1778.

Thomas Chippendale himself, while the other three specimens fail to give the same satisfaction, being less homogeneous. A very beautiful cabinet, one of a pair, also belonging to Messrs. Harris, is illustrated in Fig. 3. Here the top opens in three cupboards, the centre compartment being slightly elevated above the others, the doors are enamelled in a rich cream colour, on which medallions of classical subjects are painted in grisaille by Angelica Kauffman, the figures being unusually well drawn and the composition most harmonious. On the lower portion the

white neck-cloths and wore their hair most carefully dressed, though arranged to look untidy. The date of these cabinets must be before 1782, as Angelica Kauffman married the artist Zucchi and returned with him to Italy that year. Her compositions, comprising many paintings on furniture and ceilings, as well as her more serious work in the Royal Academy, were always elegant, though the technique was at times inclined to be too soft. She probably owed much to Cipriani, who painted with more scholarly knowledge and had been in this country

since 1755; he was much employed by Robert Adam, as well as Angelica Kauffman, in the decoration of many of his houses, and did much for painted furniture, dealing with the nude figure more boldly and academically than his pupil. After

Cipriani's death in 1785 and Angelica Kauffman's departure in 1782, painted furniture began to deteriorate, the loss of these particular and popular artists no doubt curtailing its further progress and development.

"GRAY'S OAK" AT BLUNDESTON LODGE

Truncus poetæ testis.

Green witness of spent springs and genius fled,
Blundeston oak, half famous, half forgot,
What grateful reverence, what regard has led,
My pilgrim foot to this sequester'd spot!

To sit your shade within, your seat upon,
Came oft, thrice fifty years and more ago,
A little, shy, poetic, critic don,
The wits', the scholars' friend, the pedants' foe.

This lawn and lake, this grove, they pleased him all,
But best beneath your branches to peruse
Romance or record, gay or tragical,
Attic or Roman, French or Tuscan Muse.

The pomp of power, the splendours of the great,
Engaged his head, but could not spoil his heart,
Where yet there lived, masked by a mien sedate,
A stealthy kindness for the young and smart:

The storied walls, his boyhood's happy sphere,
The winter robin, vernal nightingale,
The sights and scents that calendar the year,
Brought delicate ecstasy and rapture pale:

His God, his land, he loved; the bride, the child,
The youthful soldier's glorious, furious folly,
Found smile and tear; but most he wooed the mild
Delights of sweet and studious melancholy.

And still a weakling saved by woman's care,
And early school'd in silence to endure,
His soul was apt for pity and for prayer,
Touch'd by the stoic struggles of the poor.

So to this shrinking student it was given
From college cell with popular voice to speak,
To bid the loud world heed the hest of heaven,
And reconcile the mighty with the meek.

Rare spirit! in thine own churchyard thy remains,
Lull'd by thy verse, have slumber'd many a day,
'Tis something that this changeful earth retains
One living creature that was dear to Gray.

HERBERT WARREN.

PROVERBS

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

"SHORT, plain, common, figurative, ancient, true." Thus did John Ward, Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon in the time of Charles II, sum up the qualities essential to a proverb. Well—brevity has the chance, at any rate, of being wit; plainness is at all times to the good; commonness (as divorced from uncleanness) is no more than to say we are all members one of another; figurativeness is striking; antiquity carries weight; truth, above all other things, is desirable. And these qualities (or a reasonable proportion of them) are usually to be found in a proverb. Why, then, do some of us hate proverbs like poison?

It is not only that every well known proverb is also, in the nature of things, a truism. That is the price paid, in course of time, by greatness as well as by proverbs. "Sweet are the uses of adversity" is as well known as "Beggars must not be choosers"; but there the resemblance ends. And, reflecting upon this profound difference, we begin to see the cause of it—begin to see why proverbs are apt to make us furious or depressed, according to our capacity for mental resistance at the moment when they thrust themselves or are thrust upon our attention.

For the shortness of a proverb is not that which shortens grief; its plainness is too often the glimmer of a candle and illumines only the walls of our prison-house; its commonness has no largeness in the sense of spiritual universality; its figurativeness pulls us up short at the garden wall instead of sweeping our gaze to the far blue line of the hills; its age serves no better purpose than to overawe us and paralyse our efforts at escape from its cramping philosophy; even its truth has no wings.

And that, in a word, is the chief defect of proverbs—of those proverbs, at any rate, that we most frequently hear: their sheer pedestrianism. "The words of genius," says George Eliot somewhere, "have a wider meaning than the thought that prompted them." Not so the words of proverbs; these have only a pretty general application within the bounds of their very limited meanings. Proverbs are of the world worldly; their wisdom is not of the stars but of the market-place. A proverb may teach us to walk and not to faint; it cannot teach us to mount up as eagles.

There are exceptions, of course, to this as to everything. Take such a proverb as the Russian "The soul of thy brother

is a dark forest," or the Hebrew "There is a road from heart to heart," or the fragrant old French proverb, "To be loved, this is, after all, the best way of being useful." In such proverbs as these there is a beyond—a place where the mind may rest, or dream, or roam; the closure of hard common-sense is not applied. They have just that touch of poetry which makes the whole world kin—and which is absent, for instance, from the commercial "All is not gold that glitters," and from the blindly material "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Their sense of values is different; they record a higher level in the tide of man's progress.

A proverb is seen at its best when it is not over-familiar to us. Then we can enjoy the sudden salt flavour of cynicism, the searching irony that made Bacon describe proverbs as "edge tools of speech, which cut and penetrate the knots of business and affairs." France, as might be expected, is rich in the edge tool variety of proverb—though the edge, naturally, suffers in translation. "He that cannot pay, let him pray." "The nearer the church, the further from God." Spain has proverbs with a smoothness, a characteristic blandness in place of the sharp French rapier-thrust. "Let that which is lost be for God." "A fool unless he knows Latin is never a great fool."

There are English proverbs with a touch of the same subtlety or dryness in their humour. "We hounds killed the hare, quoth the lapdog." "Who buys hath need of an hundred eyes; who sells hath enough of one." Only which of us ever hears them quoted?

Sometimes a proverb of ours almost passes the mysterious boundary line that releases it from the earth—makes it free of infinity. "He lives long that lives till all are weary of him," for example. But no—not quite; the cry of the heart is just stifled by the malicious laugh in the thing. Sometimes the land of beauty is triumphantly inherited, as in "Ill would the fat sow fare on the primroses of the wood"—though that, to be sure, is Gaelic!

But what really distinguishes our own best known proverbs is their note of gay and yet dogged courage, their incitement

to make the best of bad jobs. Anyone who takes the trouble to jot down a list of the proverbs that come first to the mind will be surprised by the number that look at daily life from this angle of mastering it by cheerful, stubborn patience—the long lanes, the clouds with silver linings, the spilt milk, the things that can't be cured, the good fish in the sea, the meeting trouble half-way: all tending to the one admirable end of never saying die.

Thus, according to national characteristics, do the nations' proverbs vary; nevertheless, their similarities are far more marked than their differences. "It is the rubs of life, great and small, which create its proverbs;" and proverbs are akin in their general practice of keeping close to the earth in their dealings with practical, mundane matters; akin in assuming that if a man is not a knave it is only because he is a fool; akin in that attitude proverbially expressed by the French as "I love my friends well, but myself better," and by the Italians as "To trust is well, to trust nobody is better." A proverb hopes nothing, fears nothing that the eyes do not see, the ears do not hear. It is the doubting Thomas of life, of literature. "A man of the world is," as Mr. Balfour once neatly epitomised him, "one who does not believe anything good of the world." Well, so is a proverb.

We get, no doubt, the proverbs that we deserve—but how different we might be if we didn't! The thought suggests fascinating vistas of enquiry. Supposing, when tempted to desert the narrow path of rectitude, we pulled ourselves up short, not with the cynical "Honesty is the best policy," but with Juvenal's "Nobility is the one only virtue"? Or supposing, instead of the flippant, shallow "All's fair in love and war," we had, ingrained in our consciousness, that simple profundity of Erasmus, "War is sweet to them that know it not"?

But the very thought of such things being used as *proverbs* raises a smile; they probe too deep, they soar too high. For in his proverbs man has exercised his wit and his worldly wisdom; he has fed his brain, ministered to his misanthropy and bolstered up his courage. But he has starved his soul.

A BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was one of those rare souls who, weak and afflicted in body, nevertheless had the will and the spirit to go on striving to make his latest work better than that which had gone before.

Every qualified reader recognises that in "Weir of Hermiston" he wrote like one who had attained at last to the "tool's true play." Every admirer of his work felt a poignant regret that he did not live to complete the novel. The part that Mrs. Stevenson played in his work is set before us in this volume (*Life of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson*. Chatto and Windus) written by her sister. The story of the marriage was as follows: Fanny Van de Grift Stevenson's father, Jacob Van de Grift, arrived in Indianapolis and almost immediately after married Esther Keen, in 1837, and took her to the little red house which had been built next door to Henry Ward Beecher's church. There in 1840 was born a little girl who was named Frances Matilda and became known as Fanny. Her childhood was that of the backwoods, one with few luxuries but fewer cares. At the age of seventeen she was married to Samuel Osbourne, then in his twentieth year, and the boy-and-girl marriage turned out very badly. She began her married life in a little cabin on a mountain side, and on her arrival received a welcome from a company of bold young men in rough clothes and six women who came in a sleigh made of a large packing box put on runners. She hastily dressed by the aid of a shining tin pan which one of the women held up for her. Years afterwards, when Mrs. Osbourne was in Paris, she heard of this lady as having taken the whole first floor of the Splendide Hotel, which led her to say: "I wonder if she remembers when she held the tin pan for me to do my hair." Her early days seem to have been happy enough, but her husband did not count fidelity among his virtues, and it was not long before quarrels arose. However, at first, as is generally the way, the quarrels were made up and Mrs. Osbourne, who had taken up the study of art at a school at San Francisco, eventually crossed over to Paris, and it was at Grez that she first made acquaintance with Robert Louis Stevenson. Up to then women artists had been practically unknown in the colonies about Fontainebleau, and the news of an American lady's arrival spread consternation. Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, known to many of us as "Bob," was despatched to find out who the newcomers were, and at once fell so much under their fascination that he stayed on from day to day. Then Sir

Walter Simpson, the famous "Wattie" who wrote "The Gutter Golf Ball" and many amusing trivialities of the same kind, was despatched as a second ambassador, and he too succumbed to the charms of the siren. These two were both of them devout admirers of Louis and seem to have done little but sing his praises. Then one evening Louis himself came along, and he afterwards admitted that he fell in love with his wife at first sight when he saw her in the lamplight at the open window. We can very well imagine the sort of conversation that went on when Mrs. Osbourne was painting at her easel and the young romantic at her side was talking hard all the time. When Mrs. Osbourne returned to California she found that a reconciliation with her husband was out of the question and brought a suit for divorce against him which was granted without opposition. After these anxieties she was glad to seek a resting place at the charming little town of Monterey. Meanwhile Stevenson,

drawn by an irresistible desire to see the one who had become dearest in all the world to him, and having heard that she was soon to be freed from the bonds that held her to another, decided to take ship for America. After the long ocean voyage and the fatiguing journey from sea to sea, which he has himself so graphically described, he went straight to meet the family at Monterey.

The marriage followed as a natural consequence. The two biographies are now intertwined, and many things are chronicled of R. L. S. which help to fill out the picture. The serious nature of his illness became very apparent at Monterey and amply justified what he wrote in 1881 to Mr. P. G. Hamerton:

It was not my bliss that I was interested in when I was married: it was a sort of marriage *in extremis*; and if I am where I am, it is thanks to the care of that lady, who married me when I was a mere complication of cough and bones, much fitter for an emblem of mortality than a bridegroom.

But though ill he had a buoyant soul that rose above circumstances. As a specimen of his humour we are told that

Sickness and discouragement were not enough to keep down his boyish gaiety, which he sometimes manifested by teasing his womenfolk. One of his favourite methods of doing this was to station himself on a chair in front of us, and, with his brown eyes lighted up with a whimsical smile, talk broad Scotch, in a Highland nasal twang, by the hour, until we cried for mercy.

He left America for England on August 7th, 1880, and his wife was shortly to make the acquaintance of his father,

Thomas Stevenson, who, we are told, capitulated, horse, foot and dragoons (*sic*), to her charm. When she got North she was rather a puzzle to the natives, if we may judge from the following paragraph :

To the Scotch servants in her mother-in-law's house she was something of an enigma. One of them told her she "spoke English very well for a foreigner." One day she heard two of them talking about a Mr. McCollup who had just returned from Africa. "He's merriit a black woman," said one, and in a mirror the other was seen to point to Mrs. Stevenson's back and put her finger to her lips, as though to say : "Don't mention black wives before her !"

Louis was continually in search of health, but we have not space to go over all his experiences. His stay at Davos with John Addington Symonds and his wife has attracted considerable attention owing to Mrs. Asquith's indiscretion, and something may be said about it. Stevenson's health improved and he was able to take part in outdoor sports, such as tobogganing, but it was a dull place, and Mrs. Stevenson wrote :

Life is most monotonous here, which is after all the best thing for Louis, although he tires of it sometimes. We have had a few badly acted plays and one snowstorm ; there was a quarrel between a lady and her son's tutor, and a lady lost a ring. Otherwise the current of our lives flows on without change.

The only reference to the Bohemianism which has been often spoken about is the statement that "these were congenially alike in their careless indifference to the minor details of life." Mrs. Stevenson greatly hated Davos, and as soon as his health seemed to be established they turned their steps towards their beloved France. The death of Stevenson's father occurred in 1887, and after the breaking of that last tie that bound them to England he, with his mother, wife and stepson, sailed for America. They found the *Ludgate Hill*, on which they had taken passage, was a tramp steamer ; but that was greatly to the liking of R. L. S. He wrote to his cousin "Bob" :

I was so happy on board that ship I could not have believed it possible. We had the beastliest weather and many discomforts ; but the mere fact of its being a tramp ship gave us many comforts ; we could cut about with the men and officers, stay in the wheel-house, discuss all manner of things, and really be a little at sea.

After some adventures they took up their residence at Saranac, high up in the Adirondack Mountains ; but the rawness of winter was too much like that of his native Scotland to suit Stevenson's complaint, and they began to turn their eyes to the Southern Seas. Of their final settlement in Samoa and the happy years they spent there there is little need to speak, because so much has been written already about it. Vailima, meaning "five waters" in reference to a stream fed by four tributaries that ran through the place, will always be remembered pleasantly by those who love their Stevenson. It was there he wrote the fine lines to his wife which confound all that has been said against her :

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel true and blade straight
The great Artificer made my mate.

Honor, anger, valor, fire,
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench, or evil stir,
The mighty Master gave to her.

Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart whole and soul free,
The August Father gave to me.

Of her widowed years little need be said except that they were fitting weather for the passing of the stormy petrel.

MR. VACHEL LINDSAY'S POEMS

SINCE the article called "The Muse of Demos" appeared in our issue of September 11th a selection from the poems of Mr. Vachel Lindsay has been published by G. Bell and Sons. We do not know that it is the best selection that can be made, but it is sufficiently representative to serve as a good introduction to the writer. A peculiarity of Mr. Lindsay's poetry is that it cannot be fully understood from a recital, and it cannot be fully understood from a reading. There must be both. When Mr. Lindsay repeats his verse one is so struck by the novelty of his intonation and by his gestures as to be carried away without fully grasping the matter. After hearing him more than once and after a quiet reading of a few of his pieces, one is better able to place him. Let us first say that the work is popular. It does not require a refined and sophisticated scholar to understand what he is driving at. That

is all to the good. At present, poetry in this country, and in the rest of the world, has taken a wrong turn. It is too much of a hot-house production, meant more for the connoisseur than for the general reader. Those who have done great work in verse appealed to common humanity. Homer must have been recited a million times to audiences of stern warriors who were not addicted to a display of "the finer feelings of our nature," Dante, in an age when the ideas of Purgatory and Paradise were taken literally and absolutely, had the satisfaction of hearing his poems recited by the crowd. Chaucer, Dunbar and Burns, to take three names widely separated in time, each addressed himself direct to the simplest understanding. In their wake Mr. Lindsay is following, and it well may be that he will find a new and faithful school of American poetry. In the meantime he does in verse very much what Thomas Burke does in London prose. His lines flash by with the vividness of cinematograph pictures. It would be easy to illustrate that from one of the best, if not the very best of his poems, "Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan." It is a vision of the campaign of 1896 as viewed at the time by a sixteen year old. Of its cinematograph pictures take the following :

And saw our Bryan by a mile lead the wall
Of men and whirling flowers and beasts,
The bard and the prophet of them all.

And torchlights down the street, to the end of the world.

The State House loomed afar
A speck, a hive, a football,
A captive balloon !

Then of the procession :

The demons in the bricks, the demons in the grass,
The demons in the bank-vaults peered out to see us pass,
And the angels in the trees, the angels in the grass,
The angels in the flags, peered out to see us pass.
And the sidewalk was our chariot, and the flowers bloomed higher,
And the street turned to silver and the grass turned to fire,
And then it was but grass, and the town was there again,
A place for women and men.

Gigantic troubadour, speaking like a siege gun,
Smashing Plymouth Rock with his boulders from the West,
And just a hundred miles behind, tornadoes piled across the sky,
Blotting out sun and moon,
A sign on high.

Even the portraits are of the picture play.

Where is McKinley, that respectable McKinley,
The man without an angle or a tangle,
Who soothed down the city man and soothed down the farmer,
The German, the Irish, the Southerner, the Northerner,
Who climbed every greasy pole, and slipped through every crack ;

Where is Roosevelt, the young dude cowboy,
Who hated Bryan, then aped his way ?
Gone to join the shadows with mighty Cromwell
And tall King Saul, till the Judgment day.

But it must not be thought that those vivid pictures are all he has to offer. One of the most suggestive lines in his verse is that he has adopted, apparently from the Georgian negroes, the simplest and most striking methods of reaching the understanding of his hearers. Perhaps the best example is to be found in the poem called : "How Samson Bore Away the Gates of Gaza." We cannot read it without recalling the soft negro pronunciation :

Be comin'
Into your myand.

And here is simplicity and that cinematograph power combined :

Whirling his arms, like a top he sped.
His long black hair flew round his head
Like an outstretched net of silky cord,
Like a wheel of the chariot of the Lord.

Parenthetically it may be pointed out that the black hair must have been intended for negro consumption, as Samson is usually pictured with golden hair. Yet these are not the things of greatest importance. The note that resounds through all his vigorous lines is that of democracy. There may be a certain amount of chaff, even of irony, in his "kallyope," but elsewhere the same message is repeated. Out of all the turmoil and smoke of his time he continually hears a voice tooting joy, tooting hope, and that may carry him far.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

Mountain Craft. Edited by Geoffrey Winthrop Young. (Methuen, 25s.)
Specialty Selected, a choice of essays by E. V. Lucas. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)
The Life of Hatshepsut, by Terence Gray. (Heffer, Cambridge, 14s.)
Children of the Slaves, by Stephen Graham. (Macmillan, 12s.)
Mr. Balfour, by E. T. Raymond. (Collins, 12s. 6d.)
In a Green Shade, by Maurice Hewlett. (Bell, 6s.)

CORRESPONDENCE

YOUNG SHORTHORN BULLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The attached table of the weights gained by several of my young pedigree short-horn bulls may prove of interest to many, as I have never seen such a table published. It will be noted that the oldest bull was about eighteen months old, the youngest under a year. Each bull was weighed weekly, and I have these weights, but considered they made too big a table for your paper. It will be seen that the weights gained every four weeks are shown, and the total gain for each bull over sixteen weeks. It will be seen that the maximum gain for one bull is 316lbs., equal to a gain of nearly 20lbs. per day over the whole period, and the minimum gain is 258lbs., or rather over 2½lbs. per day. It would, I feel sure, be most useful if other breeders would give some tables. Four of these bulls are going to the Birmingham Show and Sale this month. One is sold, and going to Abyssinia, and is being specially fed and walked hard, as he has to walk part of the way to his new home in Abyssinia. Two others I am bringing along for next year's Royal Show, so it will be understood they are not being pushed as hard as would be possible.—
F. F. EDGE.

"TENANT OR SERVANT?"

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am much interested in the reply you give to your correspondent on the above subject in your issue of October 30th. May I ask for a further elucidation of the following points which I do not think are quite clear from your explanation? You say that the employé occupies as a servant where it is "necessary" for the proper performance of his duties that he should occupy certain premises. But who shall interpret the meaning of the word "necessary" under given circumstances? Is this to be decided by the County Court Judge by whom the action for recovery is tried, or is it rather to be settled definitely by the employer himself in each case? Certainly it seems likely that the latter would be the best judge of the duties which he wished to be performed by his employé. It is clear that where a house is occupied without payment of rent the Rent Restriction Act cannot apply, and the occupier must be regarded as a servant. But is it not dangerously ambiguous to make necessity the test?

The gardener, the coachman, the game-keeper and the chauffeur can probably carry out their duties better if they occupy premises close to the place where their work happens to be, but their occupation of other premises farther away might not be incompatible with a due performance of their duties.

Name of Bull.		Date calved (1919).	Weight June 10, 1920.		Weight gained 4 weeks ending				Weight Sept. 30, 1920.		Total gained, 16 weeks				
			cwt.	qr. lb.	lb.	lb.	lb.	lb.	cwt.	qr. lb.	lb.				
Vahan Ceremony	..	March 19	10	1	8	..	12	66	126	96	..	13	0	0	300
Vahan Orange Prince	3rd	June 2	10	0	0	..	14	78	100	116	..	12	3	0	308
Vahan Royalty	..	July 6	8	3	0	..	0	50	112	90	..	11	0	0	258
Vahan Pacha	..	Aug. 2	8	1	0	..	14	58	124	84	..	10	3	0	280
Vahan Leader	..	Aug. 27	6	1	14	..	14	78	94	108	..	9	0	0	204
Vahan King Tulip	..	Sept. 16	6	1	24	..	18	70	108	120	..	9	1	4	316
Vahan Chieftain	..	Oct. 27	6	0	10	..	18	84	112	68	..	8	2	12	282

My own chauffeur, whom I have just discharged, was presumably occupying my cottage as a servant, since he paid me no rent; yet I think it could hardly be maintained that he would have been altogether prevented from carrying out his duties satisfactorily if he had been occupying premises other than those which he in fact occupied. Might I enquire, therefore, in what sense precisely the word "necessary" is used by you? Again, admitting it to be necessary that he should occupy this cottage on my land, it would also be true to say that his occupation was a privilege, because it could equally be considered as a "part remuneration" for his services. The former makes him occupy as a servant, while the latter consideration appears to make him occupy as a tenant. Can you explain the seeming contradiction herein involved? My chauffeur has got work in the village, while he continues to occupy my cottage. Might he not meet my claim that he was there in consequence of his employment with the counterclaim that his occupation was a part-remuneration?—TREVOR BERRY.

[We think it is for the employer to determine whether it is a necessity of the employment that the servant should occupy a particular house or cottage or rooms, and that the test should be, was it or was it not a condition of the employment that the servant should occupy premises provided by the employer, or, in other words, did the employer make such occupation a necessary condition of the employment? In the cases of the employments cited, we think there can be no doubt that an employer would say, "I have a cottage for such a servant and I require you to occupy it if you enter my service." If the service is of such a nature that such a condition can reasonably be implied, then we think the servant occupies by reason of his service, and must give up possession when his service ends. Once establish that the employer imposed occupation as a necessity, no question of privilege can properly arise, and we do not think any magistrate or judge would consider that our correspondent's chauffeur occupied the cottage otherwise than as a necessary condition of his employment. If a case goes into court, of course it will be for the judge to decide on the facts whether there was an occupation by virtue of service or otherwise.—Ed.]

FOWLS AND APPLES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent in COUNTRY LIFE of October 23rd asks a question which may be answered in several ways, and it all depends upon the condition of both apples and fowls. The birds will eat almost anything, and if they are in good condition and get plenty of exercise and fresh air nothing they will eat can injure them. If the apples are decayed and fermented so as to develop sugar fowls will eat them without harm, and in the half rotten condition apples are better liked by pigs as well as fowls. But, if it is not too much trouble, it is best to boil and mash all fallen apples if bruised, and then served with pig's feed they are beneficial and help to condition as well as to fatten either pigs or fowls. Still, if apples are roasted in any fashion they are much more to the liking of fowls who will eat both skins and pulp with avidity, and as far as I know roast apples are good for man and beast. In fact, are better food after contact with fire. Nature is the fowl's best guide after all and, as a rule, they are best to be trusted as to what is good for them.—T. R.

PLANTING FRUIT TREES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The charming article on planting fruit trees in COUNTRY LIFE for October 23rd, is a most valuable one, and will do much towards interesting many in the subject. There are multitudes of places where fruit trees could be planted. It would add greatly to the beautifying of the surroundings, and the fruit from such trees would be most welcome and refreshing.—ARTHUR MEACHEN.

A FINE ATMOSPHERIC EFFECT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of an extraordinary morning mist effect which occurred here in St. Ives Bay a day or two ago. Heavy rainfall followed by warm days and frost at night combined to produce this striking atmospheric effect. The fishermen say they have never seen such remarkable fog banks in St. Ives Bay. The appearance was not unlike that of a large iceberg. In the foreground of the picture is the smoke of a passing train.—EDWIN SMITHILLS.



FOGBANK AND SMOKE: MORNING IN ST. IVES BAY.

A RARE ALBINO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. H. W. Robinson's letter in your issue of the 16th ult., the albino water-rail figured is not the unique specimen the writer seems to think. A specimen shot at Seaforde, County Down, on November 9th, 1904, is recorded (*Irish Naturalist*, Vol. xiv, page 44); and a previous Irish specimen was recorded in the *Zoologist*, 1882, page 74. It may be that the bird illustrated is one of these specimens. In addition to these two pure white birds a mottled specimen was shot near Newry, County Down, on January 9th, 1899.—NEVIN H. FOSTER.

FALCONRY AMONG THE CHITRALIS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The Chitralis among the tribes on the North-West Frontier of India are very ingenious in their methods of catching falcons for sporting purposes. Falconry is very popular among these picturesque, if somewhat disreputable, gentry, and they are very keen about their birds. A falcon in their opinion should be caught full grown if it is to be of any use, and when it is in search of food; so the Chitrali makes a small stone box-like shelter with a small hole at the top, where he has a live chicken tied by the leg. As soon as the bait has been struck by hawk or falcon, the man within gently pulls the string. The attacker, imagining that this is merely part of the struggles of his victim endeavouring to escape, grips all the harder, and is eventually dragged below into the shelter and seized. The Chitrali is very clever at taming his hawk, which he does by keeping it awake for three, sometimes even more, nights, constantly talking to it, but giving it no food. By the end of that time the bird is fairly exhausted by weariness and hunger, when its owner begins to feed it and use the lure. The method seems very efficacious, for Colonel Durand, in his book, "The Making of a Frontier," published many years ago, states that he saw a hawk being flown at game after only one week's training. The Chitralis are equally good at catching ducks on migration. Their plan is to flood a field by running a stream on to it, so as to make a pool some twenty yards square. At the corner, where the water runs in, they place a wicker cage with a wide mouth and tunnel tapering gradually up-stream. Decoy ducks are placed here and there, and, when the wild birds have settled down, they are very quietly headed and driven into the tunnel, the greatest care being taken not to scare them and make them take to flight. Sometimes, it is said, they bag as many as two or three hundred at a time.—WILLIAM JESSE.

A MONKEY LEADER IN JAPAN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—One of the curious callings in Japan is that of a monkey leader who visits houses one by one, carrying a tame monkey on his back. If a family wish to view the monkey's antics, he puts the animal down from his back and makes it show off various kinds of tricks,

for which he will be paid at the rate of one yen (a little more than two shillings) per hour.—KIYOSHI SAKAMOTO.

A STRANGE ENCOUNTER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—At the corner of a deserted street in one of the north London suburbs I stood regarding, in melancholy meditation, the falling scud of autumnal leaves scattered by the wind. A sprucely dressed gentleman of litigious countenance, approaching from the further end, stopped as he came up to me, and, to my surprise, accosted me with the remark: "No doubt, sir, this is a depressing sight enough." Somewhat piqued, I replied: "That, sir, depends surely upon one's mood. Melancholy as a picture of death and decay, it is no less marvellous as a symbol of change and eternity!" "I see," he said sardonically, "you are a philosopher." "I am, sir." "Then, being a philosopher, you will not consider it an affront if I offer you a piece of advice." I answered as I was bound, and he continued: "Build, sir, a very tall tower; ascend to its very top—and study the moon. Good-afternoon!" I watched him turn the corner and pass out of sight. And, moreover, it actually happened.—R. L.

SOMERSET AND NORMANDY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is an interesting link, not so well known as it might be, between Somerset and Normandy. The other day I chanced on a little *plage* in Normandy reached by a light railway and called Lion-sur-mer. Caen is the nearest large city to this little watering-place. We entered the church of SS. Peter and Paul, a magnificent Norman building, rebuilt in part, and walked around it; in the north-east chapel were many tablets, and one caught my eye at once, for it spoke of Bath. I copy it exactly as it stands for the interest it may have for Somerset folk:

"En cette église existait un chapitre dont les chanoines était de leur dependance et de leur juridiction. Après la conquête de l'Angleterre Guillaume de Moyon Seigneur de Lion fonda le prieure de Bath dans le Somerset; son petit fils Guillaume de Moyon fonda le prieure de Brennetone au diocese de Bath et lui donna la dime et le patronage de Lion; mais en 1262 l'abbaye de Troarn, avec le consentement de St. Louis échangea contre le prieure de Brennetone tout ce quelle avait en Angleterre; depuis lors Lion dépendit de l'abbaye de Troarn."

—M. FEDDEN.

MAKING FRIENDS WITH A FAMILY OF SWANS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Perhaps these snapshots, taken last spring, of a pair of swans on the Thames may interest you. Their nest was only separated by a narrow ditch from my boat-house. The first day I went round to call we were too frightened of each other for me to get a good photograph; on the second occasion I ventured closer, and by the end of the first week the hen was feeding from a bowl in my hand. She ate ravenously



and usually ended by pecking viciously at my thumb when she had finished up the last morsel of soaked bread. The behaviour of the male (of which I was much more frightened at first) was throughout perfect. He would come hurrying up the backwater full sail, with neck curved and wings outspread, when, from the distance, he saw me approach the nest. But I stood my ground, and he would then laboriously heave himself up the bank and come to a standstill by the hen, keenly observant, but quite harmless. Never once did he attack or hiss at me, and he always refused all food for himself. If his mate, in her eagerness, got too far off the nest, he would climb up in her place and gently glide down on to the eggs, keeping them warm till she was ready to return. There were six eggs, and after four long weeks three little balls of grey fluff were hatched out; the next day there were two more. The proud mother would deliberately move to one side



as I came up, as if to show them off. The sixth egg never hatched, and after sitting one day more the parent birds led their chicks to the water and forsook the nest for good. For a fortnight I saw nothing of them and was beginning to feel neglected after all the trouble I had taken, when one afternoon the family



came to call. The male arrived first and followed me on his clumsy legs far into the garden. He was puzzled at finding no bread in my hands, a mistake I quickly rectified; whereupon he summoned the mother and infants from the water. He no longer practised the self-denial of the nesting season, but snatched and gobbled with the rest of them. They stayed quite two hours and seemed to enjoy themselves.—MARGARET MORISON.



A JAPANESE SHOWMAN AND HIS MONKEY.

THE ESTATE MARKET

AUTUMNAL ACTIVITY

IT would be idle to assert that the unrest of the last few weeks has not affected the market. Sales have been deferred, and here and there an auction which would have had satisfactory results has suffered, although, as in the case of St. Osyth's Priory, sold a week ago, private treaty has led to a contract very quickly after withdrawal. On the whole, however, business has been of sufficient volume to reward those who persevered with their fixtures according to the arrangements arrived at before the strike came about, and now that it is out of the way there will be pressure to make up for lost time.

BRISK BUYING AT BEAUMARIS.

BETWEEN £72,000 and £73,000 was obtained at the first day's auction at Beaumaris, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, of outlying properties on Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley's Baron Hill estate, the total for the two days exceeding £105,000. Householders were prominent among the successful bidders at the sale of the urban lots.

DOWELL'S ROOMS, EDINBURGH, "LIMITED."

THE proprietorship of the famous Edinburgh auction rooms, Dowell's, which has been carried on for about ninety years, have been converted into a limited liability company, of which Sir Howard Frank (Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley) is chairman.

Miss Fergusson-Pollok has decided to dispose of the residential and agricultural estate of Pollok Castle, Newton Mearns, and has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer it for sale by auction early next season. The estate, about 3,000 acres, includes Pollok Castle and Balgray House, and a number of farms, the gross rental amounting to £4,200 per annum.

Budds, near Rye, 183 acres, was sold privately by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley before the auction.

BLYTHWOOD DAIRY.

A NOTABLE feature of Blythwood, Lord Blyth's Essex house, of which Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have just published illustrated particulars, is the model dairy, fitted throughout with Carrara marble. The dairy was opened by the Lady Mayoress on July 23rd, 1892, and the same year King Edward, then Prince of Wales, visited it. In 1894 the British Dairy Farmers' Association paid it a visit, accompanied by the Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress and Sheriffs. The Blythwood stud and dairy farm, specially adapted by Lord Blyth for his famous herd of Jerseys, is included in the sale.

A LONDON CLUBHOUSE SOLD.

THE private sale, in the last few days, of the Westminster Palace Hotel, which has been for some time the temporary home of the National Liberal Club, represents a transaction in one way or another involving about half-a-million sterling, and a very substantial profit for the club.

SIR THOMAS SUTHERLAND'S SUSSEX SEAT.

COLDHARBOUR WOOD, the West Sussex mansion and nearly 160 acres, is in the hands of Messrs. Hampton and Sons, for sale by order of Sir Thomas Sutherland. The house is modern, about 1887, and enlargements have been made under the supervision of its original architect. There is a nine hole golf course on the estate.

HORSLEY TOWERS NEXT WEEK.

THE unsold growing timber on Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's Horsley Towers estate, valued at £38,200, will be included in the sale of the estate, at Guildford next Tuesday, by Messrs. Trollope. The estate, comprising the renovated mansion and 2,085 acres, will be submitted first as a whole, and if not sold in that way, then in forty-five lots. In that event the first lot will be the mansion, on which Mr. Sopwith has spent a large sum in the last few months, and 414 acres.

On the following day, in London, Messrs. Chas. Osenton and Co., will offer for sale

another Surrey property, Millfield, Stoke D'Abernon, an old-fashioned house and 50 acres, by order of the late Mr. H. L. T. Hansard's trustees, with vacant possession.

EDEN HALL FOR SALE.

A DEFINITE announcement of the placing of Eden Hall in the market is now made by Messrs. Lofts and Warner. Rumour has been busy with the name of the property for years, and some little time ago the estate was under consideration by the County Councils of Cumberland and Westmorland as a forestry school and land settlement for ex-Service men. It extends to 3,710 acres and includes a fine mansion in the Italian style, seated in a park of 300 acres. Nearly a mile of woodlands give good shooting, and there is excellent trouting in the Eden and Eamont.

The broad outlines of the history of the estate were sketched in COUNTRY LIFE (Estate Market page) of January 25th, 1919. It has been in the ownership of the Musgrave family since the early days of the fifteenth century, when Thomas Musgrave married the daughter and heiress of Sir William Stapleton. Seven or eight years ago Sir Richard Musgrave sold to Sir Francis Ley of Epperstone, Notts, the Kirkoswald and Lazonby sections of the estate. Of course, the impending sale will revive the recollection of the ancient legend attaching to a Venetian goblet at the hall, that it was taken from fairies who were dancing round St. Cuthbert's well on the estate, and that the queen of the fairies, evidently something of a poetess, said:

"If e'er this cup should break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

NEWBUS GRANGE SOLD.

NEWBUS GRANGE, Darlington, the home of a celebrated pedigree shorthorn herd, has been sold by Messrs. Mabbett and Edge. The property extends to 100 acres, and has a frontage of one and a quarter miles to the River Tees, which affords salmon and trout fishing.

SIR DELVES BROUGHTON'S SALES.

THE "Sunday conference with tenantry," mentioned in COUNTRY LIFE of October 16th, has been followed by the sale of over £170,000 worth of Sir Delves Broughton's Cheshire estates, including some of the richest dairying farms in the county. The average price paid by upwards of fifty of the tenant farmers for their holdings exceeded £50 an acre, but this is by no means the highest figure at which land has changed hands in Cheshire in the last few months.

DEMAND FOR MIDLAND LAND.

MR. W. HURST FLINT (Messrs. Humbert and Flint) offered Tamhorn Park Farm for sale by auction at Lichfield. The auctioneer stated that the farm, which could be described more correctly as an estate than a farm, formed part of the once great Peel estate, and was offered owing to the death of the tenant. Intending purchasers could therefore make their bids with easy minds, as there was no question of buying over the tenant's head. The area of the farm is 508 acres, free from tithe and with Land Tax £16 16s. Bidding started at £6,000, and the property was knocked down at £9,200.

Staffordshire land has been readily sold under the hammer of Messrs. Parsons, Clark and Bodin, who obtained about £9,000 at Tamworth for 300 acres of the Austrey estate.

Gale Lodge, Long Buckby, Northants, and 38 acres have been sold privately by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock.

Estates to be submitted to auction during the autumn by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker are Abbotsham Court, Bideford, with 35 acres, and Wye House, Marlborough. Their private sales include Wield Farm, 252 acres, near Alresford.

BREAK-UP OF LONDON ESTATES.

IN a brief survey of London and suburban landed properties now in the market, we might begin as far south as Monks Orchard, between Beckenham and Croydon, and, coming up through Clapham, notice the Manor estate, also in the hands of Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard. Thence to the Duchy

sites is a short run, and, crossing the river, a variety of valuable property has to be noted.

Turning towards the City, leaving Covent Garden district, and beginning at High Holborn, there is scope for an interesting trip through one extensive estate after another now for sale. From the south side of Gray's Inn, at the First Avenue Hotel, itself in the market, we pass through the 14 acres or 15 acres of the Doughty estate, for sale by Messrs. Nicholas, up to the Foundling Hospital, for which a round million has been talked of lately as the selling price: on to the various properties around Euston, belonging to Lord Southampton, and thence to Lord Camden's Camden Town freeholds, so many of which are recently changing hands through Messrs. Daniel Watney and Sons. Practically adjoining is the Copenhagen estate, 41 acres, which Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons are to sell at an early date.

The Tyssen Amherst sale, announced in these columns a week ago, embraces some thousands of houses and other properties, and will be dealt with, in a series of auctions early next year, by Messrs. Tuckett and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. Yates and Yates.

Ken Wood can hardly now be regarded as in the open market, inasmuch as an option of purchase for addition to Hampstead Heath has been granted to Sir Arthur Crosfield and the other members of the Ken Wood Preservation Committee.

The proposed sale, on December 9th, at Hanover Square, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, of eight acres of the Duchy of Cornwall estate, at Kennington, will not interfere with the carrying out of the present schemes of housing, undertaken by the Council of the Prince of Wales. Notwithstanding the contemplated realisation of the eight acres, "there will be," as Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley pointed out, in their excellent particulars of sale of the Duchy property, "available, in the immediate neighbourhood, a larger number of working class dwellings than at any previous period." They add, "We shall be in a position to sell at prices which are most moderate, and which make due allowance for the increased cost of building."

THE LATE SIR E. G. LODER'S ESTATE.

NEXT Wednesday is the new date appointed for the auction at Horsham by Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co. of the late Sir E. G. Loder's Leonardslee estate, outlying portions of just over 900 acres being for disposal.

Portions of Mr. Christopher Turnor's Old Sowerby estate in South Lines are shortly coming into the market.

EILEAN DHIA, ARGYLLSHIRE.

GIGHA, Carro and Gighum, two large islands and one small one on the Argyllshire coast, are for sale by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., by Mr. W. J. Yorke Scarlett, who, subject to removing a few purely personal effects, is willing to let a buyer take the contents of the comfortable mansion on the main island. It is naturally a first-rate sporting property, and extends to 3,400 acres. The trout fishing is exceptionally sporting in character, and the fish run large.

ASTOR ESTATE OFFICE.

A FULL description of the Astor estate office on the Embankment has so recently been published in these columns that it is unnecessary to attempt to describe it again. Discussing it purely from the marketable standpoint, there is some difficulty in arriving at a conclusion as to how the property can be dealt with. As offices such a structure must be beyond the reach of all but a very limited number of persons, and they have other uses for their money at the present time. As a museum, or something of that sort, the premises might be suitable, but they are hardly big enough for a public collection, supposing that there was one that needed rehousing. The structure was not planned for any other use than that of some wealthy man's private offices, and though Messrs. Thurgood, Martin and Eve, the agents, may eventually find a buyer for it, the price must inevitably be one which will involve writing off a large percentage of the cost as already having been absorbed in that enjoyment of the place which doubtless its originator felt.

ARBITER.

GOVERNMENT SUBSIDY HOUSING

A RURAL SCHEME

ONE of the first housing schemes completed on the basis of the Government subsidy was that at Chobham, Surrey, carried out by the Chertsey Rural District Council, and it is of special interest to give in connection with it a statement of costs (now available) showing the heavy loss incurred by the present system of letting houses at weekly rents far below what is required to give an economic return on capital outlay.

The scheme comprises eight cottages in two blocks, designed by Captain H. Beeney, the Council's architect. The area of the site is 1½ acres, which allows 30 poles per cottage and is at the rate of 5½ cottages per acre. The tenants are agricultural folk, and the planning and general arrangements have been suited to their requirements and desires, as determined by the experience derived from a number of housing schemes carried out by the Council in various rural areas prior to 1914. In accordance with this experience, instead of the customary kitchen and parlour a sitting-room and living-room are provided. The sitting-room is small, but has sufficient accommodation to allow meals to be taken there, a cooking range with dresser and larder handy to one another providing the necessary convenience. The living-room, comparatively large, is thus kept free of culinary work and can be used as a room for domestic enjoyment in attractive surroundings. The aim is to overcome the disuse of the average parlour, and my visit to the cottages a short time ago certainly left me with the impression that the living-rooms were being used for the purposes they were designed to serve. But of most interest in the planning of the cottages is the series of outbuildings at the back. A concrete path extends the whole length of each block, and adjacent to this the outbuildings are set, one for every two cottages. They contain a coal store, cycle and garden tool store, earth closet, space with portable copper for household washing, and a working bench where a man can do snobbing, repairs, etc.; the area in the roof being utilised for various storage purposes. In this way the house itself is kept free from the inconveniences of washing days, and the man secures a little domain of his own where he can do what work he likes.

There is no foul drainage scheme in connection with the cottages, but a system of earth closets, with pails for sink discharges, which the Council regards as far preferable because it does away with the necessity for cesspools and the trouble and expense which these entail. The water-supply is by means of wells admirably constructed to the architect's own design with a concrete tube lining and oak covers.

The buildings have 11 in. hollow brick walls rough-cast with granite chips, the roofs being tiled. Work was begun on them in July, 1919, and the houses were occupied in February, 1920. Messrs. W. G. Tarrant, Ltd., of Byfleet were the contractors.

The houses are very seemly looking, and the conveniences they provide (designed to accord with an improved standard of living) are much appreciated by their occupants. But the financial aspect of the scheme leaves very much to be desired, as will be seen from the following data, based on actual figures (and actual rents) determined after the final settlement of accounts :

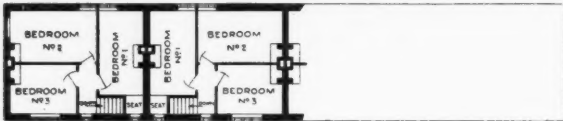
Cubic capacity, one cottage	9,361 cubic ft.
.. .. . one outbuilding	1,255 ..
Total	10,616 ..
.. .. .	£
Total cost of building	5,891 = per cottage .. 736 8 11
.. .. . land	160 = per cottage .. 20 0 0
Total	£6,051
Cost of building per cubic foot (including paths and boundary hedges and fencing)	£756 8 11
.. .. .	16.64 pence

The rents are four at 7s. and four at 7s. 6d. per week, and the rates payable by each tenant are equal to 2s. 3d. per week, bringing the total rents to 9s. 3d. and 9s. 9d. respectively. (There is no water rate or sewerage rate in the parish, and there are no lighting services to be included in the account.)

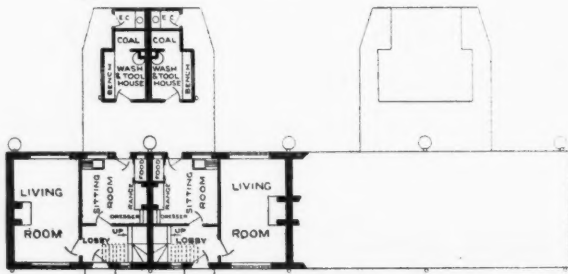
The economic rent averaged for the eight cottages would be £1 2s. 9½d. per week each, so that on this basis there is a loss of 13s. 3½d. per week per cottage. Taking the repayments on the loan at two-thirds of the annual payments, and including items of maintenance, we arrive at a figure equal to 14s. 7½d. per week per cottage. The weekly loss sustained, therefore, on



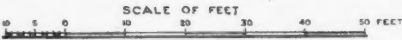
REAR ELEVATION SHOWING OUTBUILDINGS.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



GROUND FLOOR PLAN



this little scheme is £5 16s. 10d., or £303 15s. 4d. per annum. A penny rate on the rural area realises £355 2s. 6d. for general expenses.

It will thus be seen how very unsatisfactory from a financial point of view is the present system of letting cottages on a rent far below their economic rent. Quite obviously it is a process that cannot go on indefinitely, but exactly how the problem can be solved is not at all clear. Everybody takes refuge in "carrying on" for the present and hoping for something to turn up in the future.

R. R. P.



COTTAGES AT CHOBHAM, SURREY: FRONT ELEVATION.
Captain H. Beeney.

"THE MAN WHO CAN PUTT"

WILLIE PARK ON THE SECRETS OF HIS ART.

WHENEVER there is a discussion as to who is the best of all putters many names are mentioned. Mr. Jerome Travers will never lack champions; neither will Mr. Travis, among those who saw him witching the ball into the hole at Sandwich in 1904. Nor are we without great names in our own country. Jack White, Jim Sherlock, Tom Williamson, among the professionals; Mr. Sidney Fry, Mr. Aylmer, Mr. John Low, among amateurs—here are a few names that will surely crop up. There are also what I may term private putting reputations. There are golfers who do not play in championships, whose game taken as a whole is not overwhelming, but they are acknowledged by all who know them to be terrible on the green. Some will argue in favour of one golfer, some of another, but there is one name, now almost of a bygone day, at which argument ceases. There is no doubt that in his time Willie Park was a putter of unapproachable skill. I have never heard anyone venture to assert that he ever saw a better.

It was Willie Park who said that "the man who can putt is a match for anyone." It is at least as true as most aphorisms, and Park went a long way towards proving it. Now he has written a book ("The Art of Putting," J. and J. Gray and Co., 1 guinea) to tell us how he did it. We know that we can never drive as far as Abe Mitchell, but there is no apparent reason why we should not hole putts as long as any man's. It is particularly as to his putting that every one's hope springs eternal, and I do not doubt that many golfers will read Park's book with a very hopeful interest, even as I have done. He writes in simple direct language, and as far as a man can explain how he putts, he has explained on the whole very clearly. We must not, of course, expect too much. When he says in his preface that he is revealing "several points which I have kept a close secret until now," he is perhaps painting the giant rather larger on the showboard than he appears inside the booth when we have paid our sixpences. But he tells us everything he can of his own method, which he has every right to think a good one, and at least he gives us no excuse for clinging to the "inspiration" theory of putting: hard work and hard practice make up an important part of Dr. Park's prescription.

Did any man ever work so hard at putting as Park did? He tells us that he found an improvement in his method "after putting for four hours a day, with six balls, on my own putting green." This was when he was a grown-up golfer and a



THE PAUSE BEFORE THE STROKE.
"Enables the player to blot the ball out of his sight."



THE FOLLOW THROUGH.
"The club should be stopped decisively."



HOOING A PUTT.
"I found it easiest to use the hock."

champion. The private putting green had six holes; they were smaller than the regulation size, 3½ ins. in diameter instead of 4½ ins., and they made the orthodox hole look "like a wash-tub." Long before this, however, he practised by the hour putting for half-pennies with the other boys at Musselburgh. "We usually played," he says, "until darkness stopped us; and then taking the key (needless to say without sanction) of my father's club shop, we would adjourn to continue our sport on the red brick floors. The holes were made by scooping out a slight hollow in the middle of the chosen bricks, and to overcome the darkness we hit upon the idea of placing a lighted half-penny candle as flagstaff at each hole." The line was a crack in the bricks, and "owing to the shallowness of the hole, a putt, even of two inches, required the finest of touch." To this singular game Park believes that he owes much, though he advises his readers to do their practising on a green for preference.

So much for practice, and now what exactly is to be practised? Park lays down his rules quite definitely, though some of them do not agree with those of other fine putters. His doctrine that "it is the right hand that guides the club and strikes the ball" is to-day very generally accepted, and there appears therefore sound sense in his criticism of the overlapping grip that "it brings the left hand too much into play." It is interesting, in passing, to observe that Mr. Hilton, having "overlapped" in putting nearly all his golfing life, has lately converted himself to holding the hands apart so as to do the work with the right. Park says that "the important fingers are the forefinger and thumb of the right hand." Another of his points, accepted but perhaps not often enough emphasised, is the importance of carefully "squaring the club" in the right direction. He suggests that a long-bladed putter is useful,

because it makes it easier to see any mistake in this squaring process.

Park is on more debatable ground when he forbids the stooping and looking at the line from hole to ball. "The right line," he says, "is that seen by looking from the ball to the hole, and this can also be got by simply standing by the ball and looking down on the ground over which it will have to pass." It is probably a matter of individual idiosyncrasy, but no doubt many people gaze crouching at the line because they think it the correct thing to do, and Park's advice would make for quicker putting. Another controversial point is raised by his statement that "the club should only hit the ball and not the ball and the ground." The author of "The Art of Golf" declared that "a great secret of steady putting is to make a point of always 'scaffolding' along the ground"; and Mr. Laidlay, one of the deadliest of putters, said something very similar to me only the other day. On the value of follow-through in a short putt Park strongly insists, but he is quite decided that this follow-through should be controlled. "About six inches," he allows us, and then, though it must not, of course, be jerky, the "termination must be definite."

There is one point as to which I scent a distinct danger to the average mortal. Park does not actually advise us to hook our putts, but he says: "Of the three ways of holing a putt, I found it easiest to use the hook." That is terribly tempting, but for myself I believe that we had better pray not to be led into the temptation. However, it is ill work disputing with such a supreme master of his craft, and even if all his advice may not be good for all of us, some of it undoubtedly will be. He has written a very readable book and thrown an interesting light on the amount of study and perseverance that can be given to a single stroke in a single game. BERNARD DARWIN.

MINERS' BLOW AT RACING

WHEN CAN WE BEGIN AGAIN?

AS I write the paralysis, of which I wrote last week, is still on racing. Even in the darkest days of the war there was some limited racing, severely restricted to Newmarket, so that heavy vested interests and the industry of thoroughbred horse-breeding should not be wholly wrecked. But it was not even possible to race at Newmarket two years after the war because the miners had been out on strike for a few days. The Jockey Club had ordered the curtain to be dropped at the behest of a Government Department. There were big industrial crises before the war, but in those dead times the Jockey Club did not take orders. They were trusted to do the right thing, and they would certainly do it again but there was once rampant a Defence of the Realm Act and the Board of Trade became officially responsible to the country for the conduct of the railways. Two years after the war the Government Department need only hint and even an autocratic Jockey Club must bend the knee. So much for State control! I wish it would go a bit further and request the Jockey Club to proceed without delay in establishing the Pari-Mutuel on racecourses, but that by the way!

I am all for helping the Government when disaster is threatened through the revolt of one industrial section of the community, but it ought, nevertheless, to have been possible to bring off that last of the season's meetings at Newmarket. In that case we should have had the Cambridgeshire decided, and those people who are now feeling aggrieved because they had Square Measure or Fancy Man in doubles with Bracket, the Cesarewitch winner, would have known their fate. As they were denied knowing it they naturally conclude that one or the other would have won and that, in consequence, they have been deprived of much easily earned wealth. They will not believe that an outsider could have won. A strange thing is human nature. I daresay the bookmakers who stood to lose big sums over these doubles are not wholly displeased with the miners and the havoc they created. There was always the chance that either Square Measure or Fancy Man would have won, so that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

Now what about the resumption? Is the Jockey Club going on cancelling fixtures during the last four weeks of the season until such times as coal stocks and reserves are normal again? There is just a fear at the moment of writing that the rksome position of owners is not being properly appreciated. In the last six years they have made so many heavy sacrifices and the financial burdens have become so alarmingly crushing that they must not be denied opportunities of making good whenever possible; and I do say that at a time when the parties have agreed on terms to govern a settlement, when, too, others

that have been hit are at once turning on full steam ahead, racing should not be penalised a moment longer than is necessary. I am rather filled with doubt as I write, but I may be wrong, and, at any rate, I hope that racing is at least being resumed with the Newbury meeting to-day and to-morrow.

Only about three weeks of flat racing remain, and in that time, assuming that the machinery has been started again, the Newbury Autumn Handicap to-day (Saturday), the Liverpool Cup, the Derby Cup and the Manchester November Handicap must attract attention. The weights are now published for all except the Manchester race. As regards the Newbury race we have only a score surviving out of an entry of thirty-one. In this case it costs an owner £15 to run for a prize of £800 to the winner. The entry fee is far too big and is much in excess of the 1 per cent., of which we have heard much lately. Such conditions should not be permitted by the Jockey Club, but then conditions of races at Newbury are notoriously one-sided. Owners are the last people considered. The Manton horse, Manilardo, heads the handicap at 9st., and if as well as he was when he competed under top weight for the Ebor Handicap at York in August he must take a deal of beating. Holbeach, the great disappointment of the Cesarewitch under 6st. 8lb., has now 8st. 1lb., and it is certain that he will run relatively better for a strong jockey; but to my way of thinking, it is ludicrous to suppose that a high-class horse like Manilardo cannot give him 13lb. What if we had seen Manilardo in the Cesarewitch with only 7st. 7lb.! Personally I think this Newbury race is fairly good for the Manton horse, though it is possible danger is to be apprehended from Mr. Solly Joel's four year old Longslip, weighted at only 7st. 2lb. On form, I think he will certainly beat Holbeach.

I understand that Square Measure's next race will be the Liverpool Autumn Cup on the 12th inst. In this case the race is worth in all £2,000, and the winner will get about £1,800, inclusive of a £50 Cup. It will cost £25 to run a horse which, however, is more generous than the terms of the Newbury race. The distance is a mile and three furlongs, and it should not be beyond the compass of Square Measure. Mr. Reid Walker's horse is now at the top of his form as a five year old, and so, indeed, he will have to be to win under 9st. 2lb. Mr. James White may run Prince Herod, a three year old with 7st. 8lb., in which case Donoghue would have to ride. I do not think the younger horse has a big chance, but the fact that he will take Donoghue away from Square Measure will not be in favour of the latter's chances. One I would fancy if he could be sent fit and well to the post is Sir George Noble's Clarion (7st. 7lb.), but he is giving a lot of trouble to train, and I am more inclined to turn to Lord Derby's three year old Bideford (7st.). This filly would

have had to be reckoned with for the Cambridgeshire, judging her through Caligula and Bracket, and if I couple Square Measure and Bideford in my endeavour to name the winner I may not be far wrong.

The Derby Cup of a mile and six furlongs is fixed for a fortnight hence. A year ago it was won by Alasnam, who had been "knocking at the door" in Cesarewitch, Cambridgeshire and Liverpool Cup before actually winning. In this case we have Lord Glanely's Grand Fleet, top weight at 9st. He is far from

being well handicapped. So far as my judgment goes I lean to the view that this race is going to be won by a three year old; and those of that age I favour are Golden Guinea, an extraordinarily sluggish horse that ran pretty well in the Cesarewitch, Lord Derby's Redhead, and Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen's Spearwort. There may be possibilities in the old horse, One, which has been repatriated from India, but at this juncture I fancy one of the three year olds. There will be another opportunity of touching on the race.

PHILIPPOS.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. ASQUITH

The Autobiography of Margot Asquith, (Eutterworth.)

FOR many weeks past one has scarcely been able to open a weekly newspaper without some reference to the autobiography of Mrs. Asquith. Revelations of society, stories, opinions, gossip; there has always been something to quote from the Sunday paper through which the book was first published. It has become very difficult to form a clear idea of the writer. She is an elusive and irresponsible sprite to whom the unwritten laws of what should be repeated and what should not be repeated, do not apply. But she has had great social advantages from childhood onwards, having met the most brilliant and remarkable people of her generation, and her vanity does not hinder her from being a wit and a keen observer. One would like, however, to dwell rather on the more amiable and interesting features of the book. It opens with a liveliness that is maintained all through. On the first page we read of her sister, Charlotte, whose "social courage was a perpetual joy," saying to the late Lord Rothschild at a dinner-party: "And do you still believe the Messiah is coming, Lord Natty?" When her husband, Lord Ribblesdale, was to make a political speech in the country she telegraphed to him: "Mind you hit below the belt!" That note of flippancy is well maintained throughout. When she was thirteen she did some Sunday school teaching, and cried when she read in her sister Laura's letter:

Does it not seem extraordinary that Margot should be teaching a Sunday class?

Then she adds, in the delightfully pettish way of a spoilt child:

The Sunday class I taught need have disturbed no one, for I regret to relate that, after a striking lesson on the birth of Christ, when I asked my pupils who the Virgin was, one of the most promising said:

"Queen Victoria!"

Very early in life the tale of her admirers begins. At Glen, the seat of Sir Charles Tennant, in Peeblesshire, that has now descended to his son, Lord Glenconner, she replied to one of the first gentlemen who ever came to Glen, when he begged her to go for a walk with him:

"Certainly, if you won't ask me to marry you."

To which he replied:

"I never thought of it!"

"That's all right!" said I, putting my arm confidently and gratefully through his.

He told me afterwards that he had been making up his mind and changing it for days as to how he should propose.

Of course, she very soon came into contact with politicians, many of whom belonged to the side of politics with which she was not connected. Here is an anecdote of Lord Randolph Churchill and the late Lord Salisbury. Lord Randolph had asked her if she knew him.

"I told him that I had forgotten his name in my list, but that I would like, above everything, to meet him"; at which he remarked that I was welcome to all his share of him, adding:

"What do you want to know him for?"

Margot: "Because I think he is amazingly amusing and a very fine writer."

Lord Randolph (*muttering something I could not catch about Salisbury lying dead at his feet*): "I wish to God that I had never known him!"

Margot: "I am afraid you resigned more out of temper than conviction, Lord Randolph."

At this he turned completely round and, gazing at me, said:

"Confound your cheek! What do you know about me and my convictions? I hate Salisbury! He jumped at my resignation like a dog at a bone. The Tories are ungrateful, short-sighted beasts. I hope you are a Liberal?"

Here is a little sketch of Queen Victoria, seen partly through the eyes of the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII):

The Prince told me he had had a dull youth, as Queen Victoria could not get over the Prince Consort's death and kept up an exaggerated mourning. He said he hoped that when I met his mother I should not be afraid of her, adding, with a charming smile, that with the exception of John Brown, everybody was. I assured him with perfect candour that I was afraid of no one.

It may be here said in her own inconsequential way that when Mr. Burke and Lord Cavendish were murdered in Phoenix

Park in 1882 she was in London when the news came through on the Sunday.

Alfred Lyttelton told me that Lady Frederick Cavendish's butler had broken it to her by rushing into the room saying:

"They have knifed his lordship!"

Here is a characteristic saying of the Duchess of Devonshire, who had said to her: "Margot, you and I are very much alike." And on being asked what reason she had for thinking so, she answered:

"We have both married angels; when Hartington dies he will go straight to Heaven"—pointing her first finger high above her head—"and when Mr. Asquith dies he will go straight there, too; not so Lord Salisbury" pointing her finger with a diving movement to the floor.

Of Gladstone, then the most prominent politician of the age, she says:

I have heard people say that the Gladstone family never allowed him to read a newspaper with anything hostile to himself in it; all this is the greatest rubbish; no one interfered with his reading. The same silly things were said about the great men of that day as of this and will continue to be said; and the same silly geese will believe them. I never observed that Gladstone was more easily flattered than other men. He was more flattered and by more people, because he was a bigger man and lived a longer life; but he was remarkably free from vanity of any kind. He would always laugh at a good thing, if you chose the right moment in which to tell it to him; but there were times when he was out of temper with fun.

One day, when he and I were talking of Jane Welsh Carlyle, I told him that a friend of Carlyle's, an old man whom I met at Balliol, had told me that one of his favourite stories was of an Irishman who, when asked where he was driving his pig to, said:

"Cark. . . ." (Cork.)

"But," said his interlocutor, "your head is turned to Mullingar! . . ."

To which the man replied:

"Whist! He'll hear ye!"

Of Arthur Balfour she has as much to say as she has of Gladstone. When Morley was writing the "Life of Gladstone," Mr. Balfour said to her:

"If you see John Morley give him my love and tell him to be bold and indiscreet."

That must have been advice according to her heart because she confesses to the thought of putting as a motto on the title-page of this book: "As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb"—which does not seem inappropriate.

No one can read the book without a feeling of amusement, but it is always a half-ashamed amusement. Not so very long ago there were many papers devoted to what was called society. They lived on tittle-tattle, and were universally condemned in consequence. The very name "a society journalist" conveyed a meaning in comparison with which "free lance" and "a penny-a-liner" were highly respectable. If one puts oneself in the place of the friends of Mrs. Asquith and considers how they acted and spoke with the greatest freedom in her presence, without ever suspecting that in their lives they would be the subjects of "copy" for her, then it will be realised that the multiplication of this species of society lady would impose an unbearable restraint. Nobody would be free to say what they thought while conscious that someone at their elbow might not only repeat, but print, what they had lightly uttered. And this is not the worst of it. There are many instances of very bad taste in the book, the most conspicuous being that description of Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife, for which the lame apology was made that it had been intended to delete it, but there had been some oversight. One can scarcely imagine how it came to be written. In the first place it was not a record of anything that Mrs. Asquith had seen herself, but is avowedly hearsay report. But suppose she had beheld it with her own eyes, ordinary decency might have suggested that it was the sort of thing that one wants to draw a towel over, and certainly not describable by the pen of any writer of refinement. Mistakes in judgment occur frequently, but these can be overlooked. We know that a picture of any contemporary is not necessarily a true picture, even though the writer meant it so. It is only a representation of what she saw, or seemed to see. Many instances could be given in which Mrs. Asquith ascribes to contemporaries characteristics which do not belong to them.

THE KENNINGTON EXHIBITION

BY CAMPBELL DODGSON.

MR. KENNINGTON'S last exhibition, held at the Leicester Galleries in 1918, consisted of the drawings and pastels that he brought back from his long visit to the war zone as one of the official British artists.

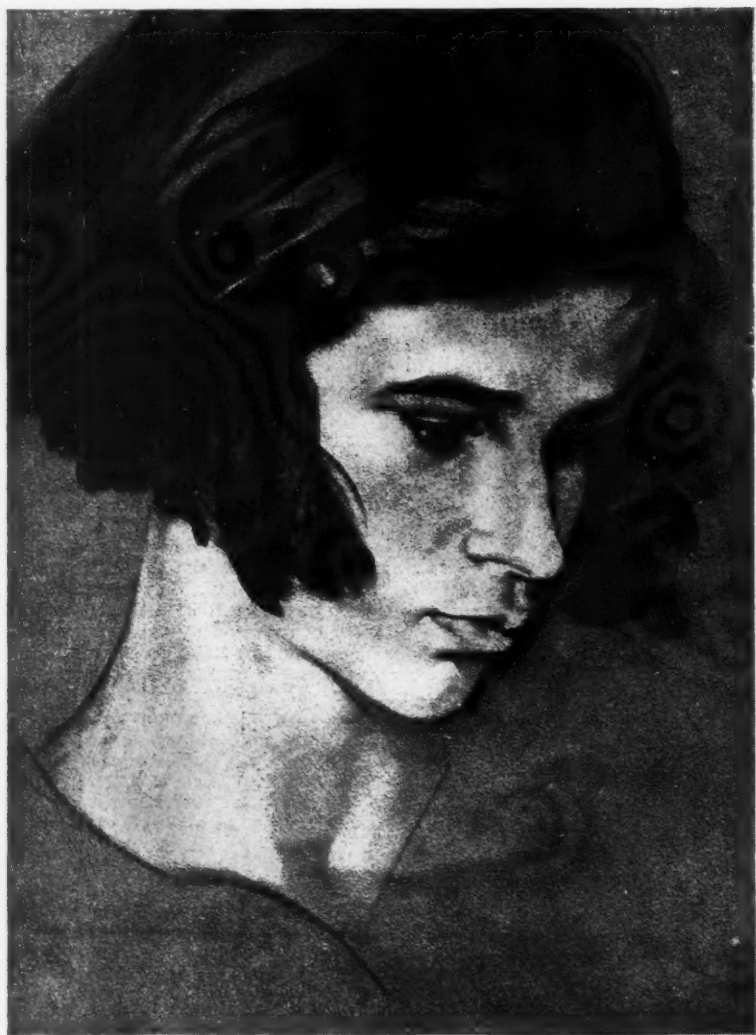
None of these, except now and again Sir William Orpen, in a serious mood, could approach him in the combination of sympathy and knowledge, accurate vision and technical skill, that was revealed in these numerous studies of British soldiers and the surroundings in which they lived in war-time. But they were left as isolated studies of detail, vivid and unforgettable, but never summed up in any single picture on a monumental scale. Since then Mr. Kennington has been out again, and spent a long time, after the armistice, with the 16th Canadian Highlanders, accompanying them on their march from Mons to the Rhine. "The Victims" was not yet painted when the bulk of the pictures destined for Ottawa were exhibited at Burlington House; it is now shown for the first time at the Alpine Gallery, with a large number of the studies. The picture seems to reveal the influence of certain of Mr. Kennington's juniors, the younger and more daring contributors to the gallery of the Imperial War Museum. He has taken some steps along the road to Cubism without arriving there or proving that he was wise to set out in that direction. The literal, realistic representation of a number of marching Highlanders, short and tall, boyish and middle-aged, is not quite consistent with the deliberately constructed landscape against which the figures are placed without being fused into real unity with it. The colour scheme is severely restricted, hardly anything being admitted but black, grey, brown, pink, white and red.

¶ Besides the drawings of faces and uniforms for this picture, there are many studies, chiefly in water colour, of dug-outs, gun emplacements, battlefields and ruined towns—studies both beautiful and precise. "The Heart of Cambrai" is an unsurpassed example of a kind of record, which several other artists have also produced, of shattered houses in which gay colour relieves in some degree the tragedy of ruin. Tender

and poetical, without any forced note of sentimentality, are the water-colour sketches, "At Villars-Pluich," of a tin hat hung up on the end of a rifle to mark the grave of a fallen soldier.

The great calamity of war has left its mark upon much of Mr. Kennington's dignified and serious work. His outlook may seem at first sight to be objective and detached, but this is denied by the intensity with which he has focussed his attention on significant details. The same earnestness and concentration are to be found in some of his most recent drawings, which are either portraits—such as the two most beautiful pastel studies of a girl's head, named "Jeannette," and several lovely drawings of boys' heads in charcoal—or studies of the figure, chiefly from very young models, which fill a series of numbers at the end of the catalogue. Several of these heads and limbs are drawn with an astonishing mastery and power; they are vital and arresting as few modern English drawings have been except the best of Mr. John's. Mr. Rothenstein compares them to Dürer and Cranach. It is difficult, indeed, to find anything more akin than that rugged German art of the sixteenth century to the two pastel studies of a little girl, named "Alice." In this medium, however, the head is more merged in the background, the details of eyes and lips are less mercilessly emphasised, than in the black portrait heads of young men, larger than life, with hard, emphatic contours, on white paper. Gay, almost frivolous, compared with these, are some paintings on glass of little girls in scarlet frocks, surrounded by white and coloured toys, in which the painter confesses his love both of children and of Chinese art.

No visitor to the gallery should fail to notice the relief in plaster (No. 99) of a group of soldiers, enigmatically named "P.B.I." It is Mr. Kennington's first attempt at sculpture. Quite untaught, he has gained at once such a mastery of the conventions of the bas-relief as to augur complete success if he were to get the chance of carrying out some such work on a monumental scale. Here is a chance for an enlightened war memorial committee!



JEANNETTE.



P.B.I.

THE FIGHT AT GEAN TREE POOL

By F. E. CLIFTON.



THE SPEY CAST WAS AN OLD TRICK TO THE MAN WADING.

THE angler had fished the upper pools on what is one of the best of salmon beats in the Spey, but, thus far, success had eluded him and his skill was in vain. He entered the placid-looking waters of Gean Tree Pool, however, hopefully enough. There was something which seemed to promise better results at this pool, with its beautiful surroundings of autumn-gilded trees whose occasionally falling leaves made tiny fleets in the dark waters. Those overhanging trees might have been an irritating nuisance to the angler unskilled in the mysterious evolutions of "the Spey Cast," but that was an old trick to the man now wading slowly and quietly down-stream.

But the angler had gone some distance down the pool and was, perhaps, beginning to be a little doubtful of the change of fortune which the new stretch seemed to suggest as possible when he commenced fishing it. Then things happened. He was casting a long, long line and carefully covering the water when his fly—a Sheriff's Officer—proved its value once more.

Quietly enough, a salmon, size uncertain, seized the lure and the line tightened. For a time after that nothing seemed to occur. The fish was in deep water, and surprised and puzzled by what he had got hold of—or was it what had got hold of him? A spectator on the bank might have thought there was no fish at the end of that apparently endless line, which the angler was, possibly, reeling in to see whether his fly was in good order or not.

But the fish was there, considering the position, and the angler was using the pause to shorten the distance between himself and his quarry. Suddenly the battle was joined. Up from the depths of the pool came the salmon as he felt the restriction of the line. A violent splash on the surface, and then the line, but newly recovered, raced through the rings of the rod again. Up-stream, and far across to the other bank, the fish ploughed its way. As the rush seemed to slacken a little the angler again

applied pressure from the rod. Yielding to this the fish came into mid-stream and, swimming with the current, did the very thing the angler was most anxious should not happen—made for the tail of the pool.

Advancing the butt of the rod, the angler stood his ground grimly and, thus bullied, the salmon allowed more line to be recovered. So much line did the fish concede that the watcher on the bank might see the salmon swimming only a few inches below the surface, and the chances of gaffing and securing the fish grew imminent.

At this point the fighting salmon changed his tactics. Beginning with a zigzag movement, as if he were lustily shaking his head free of the entanglement, he suddenly came to the surface of the water and splashed furiously. Here the angler, who was without an attendant, thought he might get a chance to use the gaff; but this was not to be. No sooner did the salmon, still full of battle, realise that his shaking and splashing game had not freed him, than he made another wild charge towards, for the angler, the strategically dangerous tail-end of the pool. Giving line judiciously the angler again held the fish within the limits of the pool, and steadily persuaded him to move up-stream nearer the head of the pool.

The fish appeared to be getting exhausted and line was recovered to an extent which led the angler again to prepare to use his gaff; but, as if he knew the fate hovering over him, the salmon suddenly dashed from the shallows to the deeps with vigour unabated.

Then a new factor in the fisherman's favour came into the game. A gillie on his way from one pool to another saw the tussle that was going on, and offered his services.

Gratefully accepting his new ally, the angler passed over his gaff to the gillie, and then began all over again the recovery of line from his sporting opponent out there in Gean Tree Pool. In this he was successful, and presently the fish was brought back

into gaffing position. The gillie leaning forward lunged swiftly with the gaff and—missed! It was no fault of the gillie; a sudden movement of the alert fish and the gaff had failed to go home. The battle was still undecided.

The end was near, however. Frightened by the flash of the gaff, the fish dropped suddenly to the bottom of the shallows;



THE ANGLER, THE GILLIE AND THE 12LB. SALMON.

then he came up splashing frantically, and was apparently on the point of a further wild rush out-stream when the watchful gillie struck again.

Victory fell to the angler; for a fine salmon of twelve pounds weight lay on the bank awaiting the merciful offices of "the priest." The fight at Gean Tree Pool was over.

THE BOND BETWEEN LIVING & NON-LIVING SUBSTANCES

Life and Work of Sir Jagadis C. Bose, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., C.I.E., C.S.I., Emeritus Professor Presidency College, Calcutta, Director of the Bose Research Institute, by Patrick Geddes. (Longmans, 19s. net).

IT is a pity Professor Geddes starts off his Life of Sir Jagadis Bose with a misquotation. It makes one uneasy as to what will follow. The Professor must get down his copy of Wordsworth and turn to the poem, "My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold," and then try again.

Sir Jagadis' life is a series of triumphs over difficulties. His father was a Civil Servant of exceptional activity, and though unfortunate in his investments, he managed to give his son a good training and education. The boy's first introduction to physics was at the well known Jesuit College of St. Xavier. Here he fell under the influence of Father Lafont, a teacher whose "wealth of experiment and vivid clearness of exposition" made the physical lecture-room the most crowded in the college. A little later Jagadis was anxious to visit England. Financial difficulties stood in the way of his coming West, and his mother offered to sell her jewels to pay his expenses. But other means were found, and he arrived in England and commenced to study at University College, London, as a medical student. In January, 1881, he left London and went into residence at Christ's College, Cambridge. He studied under Michael Foster, Frank Balfour, Professor Hughes and Professor Liveing. But the two teachers who most influenced his future career were Professor Vines—at that time Lecturer on Botany at Christ's College—and Lord Rayleigh. Both these eminent men of science were consistent supporters of Mr. Bose in his many difficulties, which arose partly owing to the novelty of his researches.

Returning to India with good degrees both from Cambridge and London, Bose became a Member of the Presidency College, where his teaching was singularly successful, and where he remained until retired by seniority. As Oliver Wendell Holmes says somewhere in the "Autocrat": "*It is the imponderables that move the world—heat, electricity, love.*" To the second of these imponderables Bose has devoted his life. He not only taught, but he investigated, and his first investigations dealt with electric waves. He was wonderfully successful in devising apparatus and, like many successful experimenters, e.g., Faraday, he made most of his apparatus with his own hands. The details of his earlier researches, which are highly technical, may best be summarised by the following quotation from Dr. Kunz of Illinois University:

Bose showed that short electric waves have the same properties as a beam of light, exhibiting reflection, refraction, even total reflection, double refraction, polarisation and rotation of the plane of polarisation. The thinnest film of air is sufficient to produce total reflection of visible light with its extremely short wave-lengths; but with Bose's short electric waves, the critical thickness of the air-space was determined by the refracting power of the prism, and by the wave-length of the electric oscillations. He found a special crystal, Nematite, which exhibits the polarisation of electric waves in the very same manner as a beam of light is polarised by selective absorption in crystals like Tourmaline, which Bose found to be due to their different electric conductivity in two directions.

Since his return to India after taking his British degrees, Sir Jagadis has paid four or five visits to England and has given demonstrations of his apparatus at the Royal Institution and at many other centres. He toured the Continent in 1897 and visited the Berlin physicists, Professor Warburg, Helmholtz's successor, the aged Professor Quincke of Heidelberg, Professor Lenard and others.

Later Bose turned his attention to responses in living and non-living substances, to certain electrical and chemical stimuli, and here we cannot do better than quote the claims that are made by his biographer of his work in London during the winter of 1900:

The winter's work became more and more physiological; yet, looking at his problems from both sides, he was now occupied not only with the physics of Physiology, but with what we may call the physiology of Physics. The comparison of the responses of the living and non-living, outlined in the Paris paper, was now attacked afresh, by the electro-motive variation method, to which physiologists were accustomed; and the curves given by metals and muscles were worked out afresh, and with a fuller experimentation, including the effects of fatigue and of stimulating, depressing and poisoning drugs. The non-living and living alike gave responses which were essentially similar.

Revolving these results in his mind, it occurred to Bose in his constant alteration of self-criticism and cosmic outlook, that if the striking continuity between such extremes as metal and animal be real, then a test should be afforded by ordinary plants, hitherto reckoned as unresponsive. Full of this idea Bose rushed into the garden plot of his London lodging and gathered the first leaves of its horse-chestnut tree just opening; and on testing one of them, he found it respond vigorously. He next hastened to the greengrocer and found his carrots and turnips—despite the stolid and prosaic aspect by which we have too long misjudged them—turning out to be highly sensitive, even in their very roots. Some seakale, however, gave little or no response. On inquiry the greengrocer explained that it had suffered on the journey to London from a fall of snow; and fresh specimens on a later day gave full response.

The normal similarity in the response of metal, plant, and animal was thus established, by many tracings of their curves; and the next experiments were on the effects of narcotics and poisons. On application of chloroform, plant response disappeared, just as it does for the animal; and with timely blowing off of the narcotic vapour by fresh air, the plant too revived, and recovered to respond anew. Poison was applied to a fresh specimen, and as it absorbed the poison it exhibited a modification of the curve of response extraordinarily similar to that of the dying muscle; and for the plant as for the animal, response came to an end altogether—on apparently clear indication of death. Various drugs, poisonous in quantity, were found to act as stimulant when given in minute doses.

Professor Bose puts the whole matter more shortly in his own words:

In the pursuit of my investigations I was unconsciously led into the border region of physics and physiology and was amazed to find boundary lines vanishing and points of contact emerge between the realms of the Living and Non-living. Inorganic matter was found anything but inert; it also was a thrill under the action of multitudinous forces that played on it. A common reaction seemed to bring together metal, plant and animal under a general law. They all exhibited essentially the same phenomena of fatigue and depression, together with possibilities of recovery and of exaltation, yet also that of permanent irresponsiveness which is associated with death.

Bose's researches showed results so unexpected and so little to be looked for that it is not to be wondered that they met with considerable criticism. This criticism is not entirely extinct; but the fact that this spring Professor Sir Jagadis Bose was elected to a Fellowship of the Royal Society is evidence that those best qualified to judge are impressed by their importance and their far-reaching possibilities.